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The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

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Photo *Lallie Charles*

MISS ALICE CRAWFORD

The clever young Australian comedy artist, who is taking the part of Helen Barron in *Shore Acres* at the Waldorf

No. 131.—Vol. X.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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NOTICE.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental Subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS

"Motors." The Badminton Library. By Lord Northcliffe and other Writers. (Longmans: 9s. net.)

"Anthology of French Poetry." By F. Lawton. (Swan, Sonnenschein: 1s. 6d. net.)

"The Consumptive Working Man." By Norel Dean Bardswell. (The Scientific Press: 10s. 6d. net.)

"The Cities of Spain." By E. Hutton. (Methuen: 7s. 6d. net.)

Collins's Handy Illustrated Classics. — "Oliver Twist." "Vanity Fair." "A Tale of Two Cities." "Nicholas Nickleby." "The Pickwick Papers." "The Old Curiosity Shop." (1s. net and 2s. net each.)

"Trinity College Monographs." By M. W. Rose Ball. (Dent: 2s. net.)

"Eight Dramas of Calderon." By Edward Fitzgerald. (Macmillan: 4s. net.)

"The Thames and Its Story." (Cassell: 6s.)

"The Black Beauty Painting Book. (Jarrold: 1s.)

"Pageant of London." 2 vols. By R. Davey. (Methuen: net.)

"Modern Spain." By Martin Hume. (Fisher Unwin: 5s.)

NEW FICTION

"The Magic of Miss Aladdin." By Paul Herring. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)

"Cressida." By Mrs. Wright Biddulph. (Greening: 6s.)

"The Price of Silence." By Edith Bagot Harte. (Greening: 6s.)

"From a Cornish Window." By A. T. Quiller-Couch. (Arrowsmith: 6s.)

"The Wrong Envelope." By Mrs. Molesworth. (Macmillan: 6s.)

"The Chronicles of Bara." By M. Montgomery Campbell. (Jarrold: 3s. 6d.)

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

Bystander Comments

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

London: Wednesday
June 6, 1906

Revelations in the Canned Meat Trust of Chicago make most unpleasant reading. New significance is now given to the old epigram, "We eat what we can, and what we can't eat we can."

* * *

A pheasant has built her nest upon the butts of the rifle-range at Ticehurst, Sussex. This is merely only one more instance of the intelligence of birds in seeking places of safety.

* * *

"Ludgate Lino" is the title of a special article which is being advertised by a well-known firm. We suppose the name was given the commodity to distinguish it from another to be obtained in the neighbouring thoroughfare of Fleet Street and known as "Penny-a-lino."

* * *

In taking Members of Parliament to task for their slip-shod English, a writer protests that many are unable to finish a sentence. It is the lament of the private Member that he is so seldom permitted to begin one.

* * *

A contemporary, commenting on recent events, remarks that the Prince of Wales returned from India one day too late to attend the Academy banquet. The good sense of H.R.H. is, of course, a commonplace of conversation.

* * *

Apropos of our note on Mr. Austen Chamberlain's engagement and its connection with sevens, it is interesting to note that the marriage is to take place in July (the seventh month), and the date fixed is the twenty-first, which is a multiple of seven.

* * *

By the time these lines appear the effects will have been seen of the rash reform inaugurated for Whitsuntide by the North Western Railway. By arranging to provide Neapolitan ices on the platforms, the Company taunted the clerk of the weather and positively asked him to do his worst.

* * *

Mr. Eames (of the Telegraph Department) has admitted to the Postal Committee that there are incompetent men in high positions, but they were appointed when the Service was young. We would like to know how, being incompetent, they were able to keep those positions, also the waste of time and money which has resulted from their tenure of office. In fact, we would like to keep Mr. Eames very busy answering questions which arise out of his disquieting admission.

* * *

A clerical correspondent gives in the *Daily Mail* an antidote to the bite of an adder. The patient, as soon as possible after the bite, must be given alternate doses of brandy and port wine, the treatment to be continued until the liquor shows signs of affecting the patient by making him drunk. This treatment may be medically sound, but from a parson! We await Sir Wilfrid Lawson upon the subject.

* * *

What is slang? In *His House in Order*, one of the characters—Lady Ridgeley, I think—condemns as slang the expression, "To have something up one's sleeve." But this appears elegant diction beside Canon Horsley's exclamation at a conference last week, "We shall get one in the eye if we do."

* * *

A writer in the *Saturday Review*, after setting forth a game of chess, played at the Sackville Club, Dublin, deduces from it proof of that impetuousness which is associated with the Irish race. This suggests a novel and exhilarating method of reporting matches. "With the coolness and intrepidity which has ever characterised the Trevelyans, he opened P—K4. His wily opponent retorted, with apparent weakness, P—KB4. But Trevelyan came of a race of Statesmen as well as warriors. His KKt—B3 showed that he was not one to commit the egregious error of underrating his adversary. His wariness was justified by his opponent's subtle P—Q4. As the game progressed, it became apparent that Trevelyan's superior staying power was telling heavily against his opponent. Years ago he had astonished his father by a Q—K2. It was a marvel in one so young. He employed it again with equal success. He followed up this blow with yet another, B—Q2. Another feint, another deadly lunge, and then P x P. The victory was won."

Scene: Hampstead Heath Whit-Monday

URCHIN: "Lor, Billy, I must have a shot at him. E's the image of father"

The Débutante on Cricket

(A Discourse Delivered from Lord's Pavilion)

Her Own Experience

I think this is the hardest seat I ever sat on. Can we hire a cushion? Who's out? Poor chap, did he get much? Buy me a programme, Ian. Middlesex *versus* Sussex, and Sussex are fielding, eh? They don't remind you of Brighton, do they? Mps! they do run quick. It's a shame to give that run to the man who hit the ball. The other man earned it because he bucked up so spendidly. Cricket is a wickedly unfair game. I remember at the convent once we had a very exciting match, girls with their hair up against girls with their hair down. I was bowling for the uppers, and the downers had equalised our total with three wickets to fall. I bowled two wickets down, and got the last child caught off the third ball. But they won, because Sister Julie, who was umpiring, said that the last one was a no ball. So they won, you see, by a no-ball. It wasn't really, but Sister had a spite against me because I told the girls that her brother was a dissolute bankrupt, or something of that sort, and owed papa a lot of money. Yes, it was rather mean, but you have to be sinful sometimes in a convent, or your parents would never be sent for.

Hooray, he's got a hundred. That's Warner, isn't it? He's got such a *bare* face. Look at Fry clapping. Yes, I know him — he's like Hayden Coffin. You know, girls could never stop to get a hundred. They would want to change their frocks at least twice. The most I ever got was twenty-two, and then I was leg-before. It was a fast ball, too, and we never had outs for fast balls, because they hurt so. But Ivy Garner was bowling, and, as she was the head of the school, and an Honourable, everyone said it was slow, and out I had to go. She was a frightfully good child, you know, and we used to call her St. Agnes. Now, her father lets her have her own flat and a cab-whistle, so I reckon the ball must have been rapid.

The Crown Prince of Norway

King Haakon's little son, Prince Olaf, is immensely popular in Christiania, and was, at one time, so overwhelmed by ladies anxious to kiss him when being "perambulated" outdoors, that his parents had to keep him to the house till the storm blew over

New Rules for Umpires

However do these men manage to play all day? Oh, some of them are paid, of course. What about the others? But they can't all be Assistant Treasurers. Why don't *you* play for Middlesex? I would, if I was a man. You ought to umpire at any rate, though I suppose you're not quite fat enough. It's very simple. Every time a ball is bowled you pick up a stone and put it in your pocket. It's just as well to bring a bag of stones with you, in case you can't find one easily. Then, when you think you've got enough, you take them out and count. If you've let the bowler have seven balls instead of six, you knock off one in the next over. If someone makes an appeal, and you weren't looking, you scream out "No-ball!" and look as if you said it long before and are surprised that it wasn't heard. Once when I was umpiring they appealed for a catch at the wicket. As I was blowing my nose when the child smacked, of course I couldn't hear. So I gave the ball over again. You've only got to use your common sense, and never cheat, even if the winners are to get cake with their tea. Nonsense, Ian. No one can hear me.

Some Sartorial Suggestions

It's spiffing the way they field, isn't it? We used to let the quick ones go by, and run after them. Then it was a case of pulling up our stockings all the way back. And as soon as you were back, off you had to go again. If they would only let us wear short *piqué* skirts, white silk stockings, and white shoes, and have our hair down, I should start a girl's club. But all the papers would be funny about it, just as if it was a police-case. What have you done with your pads? We had some at school, but the girls would never wear them. I don't think I should mind now. It's beginning to be boring. What's that the newsboys are shouting? Death of Ibsen! Who was he? It sounds like the name of a racecourse. Come along home, Ian, and have some swipes on the lawn. B. M. H.

A Remarkable Annual: "Printers' Pie, 1906"

"Printers' Pie" promises to become a hardier annual than ever. Founded three years ago by Mr. W. Hugh Spottiswoode, "Printers' Pie" is issued to benefit the funds of the Printers' Pension, Almshouse and Orphan Asylum Corporation. This year Mr. Spottiswoode is printing 50,000 copies. In recognition of the efforts of the Booksellers and Newsagents of the country, a contribution will be again made from the proceeds of the forthcoming issue to the Funds of the Booksellers' Provident Institution and the Newsvendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution. A novelty in connection with the issue is that attached to it is an accident insurance for £2,000 for three months. "Printers' Pie, 1906," was published at 1s., on Friday, 25th ult., from the offices of the *Sphere* and *Tatler*, Ltd.

The "Topictator" at the Derby

RACING NOTIONS

THE VICTORY OF SPEARMINT AT THE DERBY. BY "CARBINE"

A Splendid Derby

An ideal Derby Day. Magnificent weather, a gigantic crowd, and a popular winner. What more could have been desired? Apparently, even the bookmakers were satisfied, for though Spearmint was one of the best-backed horses in the race, there were so many competitors carrying big money that the layers of odds had no difficulty in adjusting their books to their own satisfaction and profit. What a Derby field it was, to be sure. No fewer than twenty-two horses, and more than half of them reckoned to hold a good chance of winning. No wonder it was declared an open race, and there was a time when one could have obtained "five to one the field." Towards the end Lally regained the position of favouritism from which Spearmint had temporarily ousted him, and at the finish was a firm first favourite. A popular investment was "Gorgos for a place," while Malua, Sancy, and Black Arrow also had many thick-and-thin supporters.

The Winner of the Derby: Spearmint (Maher up)

Spearmint and Lally

Major Eustace Loder, the owner of Spearmint, was quietly confident, for he knew what the colt had done with Pretty Polly. One found the son of Carbine a compact, shapely light bay, with a white blaze face, showing good quality, but just a trifle on the small side. He was "on his toes" in the paddock, and the general opinion of him was favourable. Lally was looking in grand condition, though he had not, of course, lost that appearance of legginess observable at Newmarket. Naturally, Lally had a large crowd always round him, but the most mobbed horse in the paddock was Black Arrow, about whom all sorts of wild rumours had been circulating. Robinson, his trainer, believed that he was bound to run prominently if he tried. Certainly, Black Arrow was one of the grandest-looking horses in the race.

A Picturesque Parade

The parade in front of the stands made a picturesque scene, the bright sunlight throwing the colours of the jockeys into bright relief as they sat firmly on the best three-year-olds in England. Most of the competitors carried a brilliant sheen, which did great credit to their trainers. Here, again, Black Arrow was most admired. He comported himself perfectly in the parade. At the "gate" it was feared that he would give trouble, but after showing signs of temper he got into line, and Mr. Hugh Owen had a very good start.

Troutbeck's Bold Show

Troutbeck was the first to break the line, and as the big field rounded the far corner there seemed to be a blaze of yellow in the front, Troutbeck, Spearmint, and Picton all occupying leading places. It was quite like old times to see the Duke of Westminster's colours carried so boldly in the Derby, and thoughts of Ormonde and Flying Fox flashed through one's mind as we watched Troutbeck making strong running. So decided a lead did he hold when they were near Tattenham Corner that I began to wonder whether they would ever catch him. But Mr. George Thursby now brought Picton along with a rush and passed the outsider, yet Troutbeck came again and fairly held him until they got nearly to the stands.

Spearmint Wins!

Then Danny Maher, who always had been holding a good place on Spearmint, gave that colt his head, and in a moment the aspect of the race was changed. Spearmint fairly outrode the hard struggling Picton and Troutbeck, and the race was over. He won comfortably by a length and a half, and Picton finished two lengths in front of Troutbeck, fourth place being filled by Radium. Major Eustace Loder is one of the lucky men of the Turf. Pretty Polly has made him popular, and there were rousing cheers for him when he came down to lead in Spearmint. Readers of THE BYSTANDER should have had an excellent race, as I stuck to Spearmint ever since his gallop with Pretty Polly, while Troutbeck was weeks ago named by me as the best outsider in the race. My selection for the week is **Bachelor's Button** for the Manchester Cup.

Acclaiming the Derby Winner

The winner, his owner, and the crowd

Major Eustace Loder leading the victorious Spearmint to the weighing stand after the race, which was of great interest, witnessed by a magnificent crowd, including the King and nearly every racing celebrity in the country

ROUND THE TOWN

The Madrid Horror

Once again have the smiles of a joyous world been turned to frowns by the insensate brutality of one of those inhuman monsters who style themselves Anarchists. The attack on King Alfonso and Queen Victoria—two young Sovereigns against whom the most explosive of agitators can breathe no word of reproach—on the day of their wedding, eclipses in horror every act of the kind, save, perhaps, the murder of the Empress of Austria. Will it prove the last straw on the back of outraged civilisation? These monsters profess to commit their crimes as a protest against organised Society. Suppose the Governments accept their views, and exempt all "anarchists" from the operations of all laws? A general permission to citizens the world over to treat men of this ghoulish sect as outlaws, unprotected by the State, might be mediæval, but I imagine it would mean their speedy extermination, and the end of such wanton outrages as have horrified the world for nearly a generation.

* * *

Derby Day

Of Derby Day this year I can write in genial reminiscent vein, for did I not put my trust in our own "Carbine," who, having given Spearmint as the winner three weeks ago, and having nominated Troutbeck for a place at the same time, must now be said to be "also among the prophets," and is, I am glad to say, *not* without honour in his own country. The sun, till late in the afternoon, shone as it only *can* shine on Epsom Downs; and as the Derby was graced by the presence of the King and the whole racing contingent of Society, including the Dukes of Devonshire, Roxburghe, and Westminster, Lord Rosebery and his son, Lord Rothschild, and others too numerous to mention, the scene was as brilliant as it well could be. Also present were the Sultan of Zanzibar, the Maharajah of Kapurthala, and the American Ambassador. The Opera, in the evening, considering the number of attractions elsewhere, was well filled, and there was a performance of the *Meistersinger*.

* * *

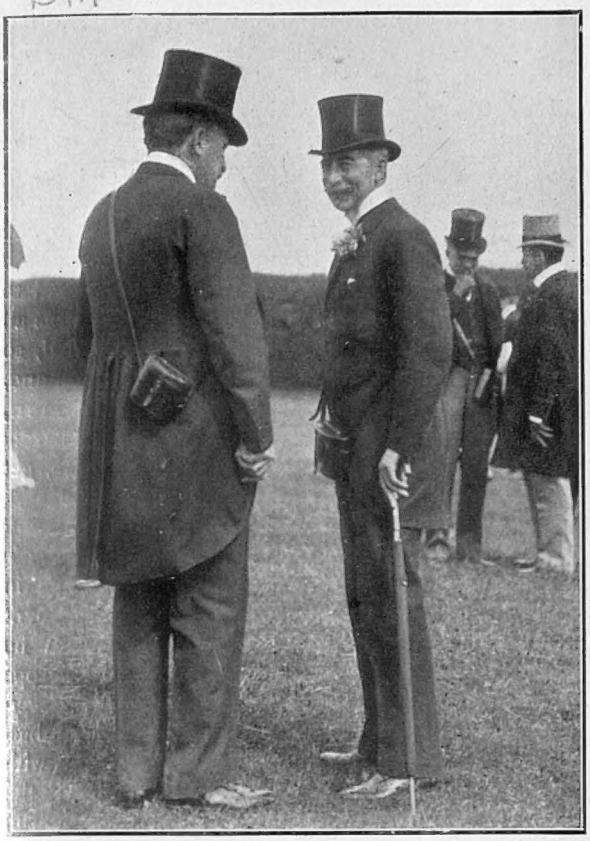
At the First Court

The American Ambassador's daughter Joan was presented for the second time as the daughter of the Ambassador, her first appearance at Court having been made some years ago; and another presentation which was bound to come off was that of Miss Mildred Carter, whose popular father, Mr. Ridgeley Carter, as First Secretary,

The King driving across Epsom Downs on Derby Day

His Majesty, though unsuccessful on Derby Day with Nulli Secundus, won the Great Surrey Foal Stakes with Victoria the following day

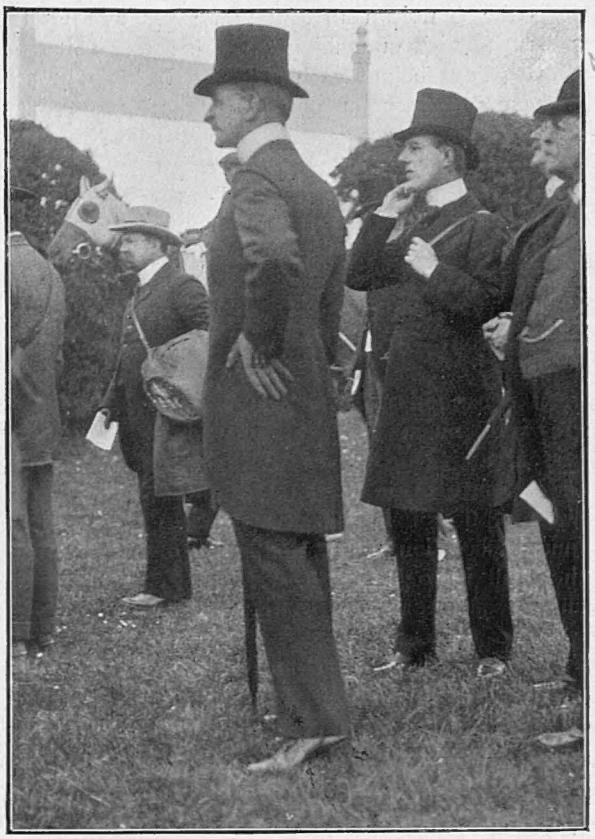
Well-known Sportsmen at the Derby



Photos

Colonel W. Hall Walker

The owner of Black Arrow, a keen racing man, and winner of the Grand National ten years ago



Baker and Muggeridge

Lord Howard de Walden

Owner of His Eminence, in the paddock

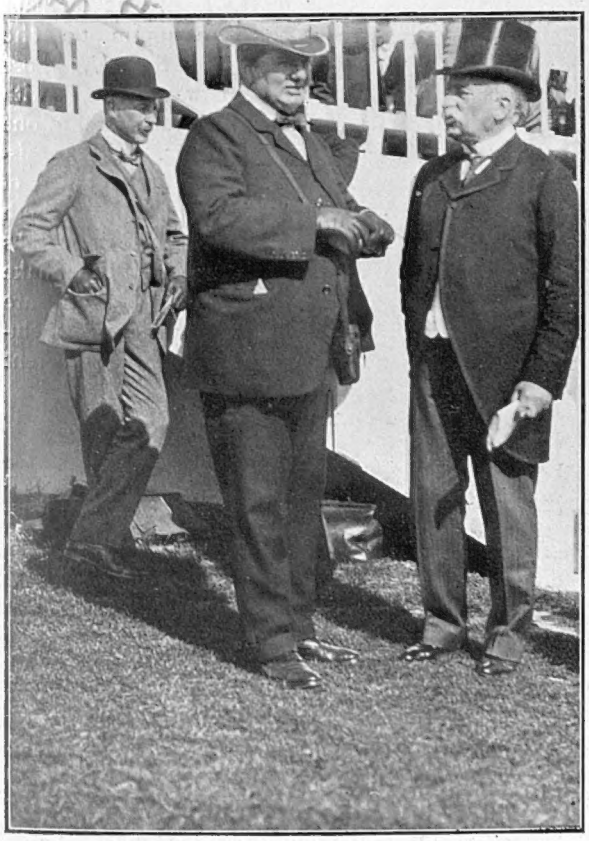


Photo *Baker and Muggeridge*

Mr. Leopold de Rothschild *(right)*

Owner of Radium in the Derby (which he won in 1904), and whose Chicot won the Norbury Plate

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Lord Rosebery and his son in the paddock

The Earl, accompanied by his son, the Hon. Neil Primrose, was an interested spectator on the scene of former triumphs

The New Japanese Ambassador

pulls the American presentation ropes, and has the Herculean task of making out the list of American presentations before each Court. I hear he has become an adept at courteous, don't-want-to-hurt-your-feelings refusals, the American invasion including dozens, I might say hundreds, of "females" (to quote my contemporary *Truth*) who flock over here in the not-often-realised hope of being presented to their Majesties, the American presentation list being very, very limited.

American girls and American women are very much to the fore this season, and Dorchester House is to be a centre of gaiety, balls, dinners, and receptions following each other in quick succession, and the biggest of them all is to be in honour of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth.

* * *

Some of the Gilded American Girls

Really, some of our young men ought to go off quite well this season! Blushing American roses surround them on every side, and dollars unlimited are waiting to be paid down by hard-working "poppas" on the other side to any young sprig of nobility who wants some real good American blood infused into the veins of his descendants. It would perhaps, under the circumstances, be as well to enumerate a few of the pearls who are thus casting themselves before lords, and that is easily enough done, for the names of the aristocracy of wealth are almost as well known over here as in their native land. We have a Vanderbilt—Miss Gladys—the daughter of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, who is staying at Claridge's for the season; two Miss Mills, whose mother, the enormously wealthy Mrs. Ogden Mills, has taken Mrs. Adair's house in Curzon Street for the next two months; their cousins, the Misses Cavendish-Bentinck; Miss Dorothy Whitney, whose sister, Mrs. Almeric Paget, is giving some big balls for her; Miss Grace, whose sister is Lady Donoughmore; and also the two Misses Bigelow, a portrait of one of whom faces this page. Mrs. Adair's nephew, by the way, Mr. Craig Wadsworth, is now installed in the flat in Mount Street which Mr. Winston Churchill has just vacated, and Mrs. Adair intends to spend a great deal of her time at her Windsor home, with only a small flat as a *pied-à-terre* in Town.

Baron Komura

New Japanese Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. The Baron was Japan's Peace Envoy at Portsmouth, U.S.A., last year

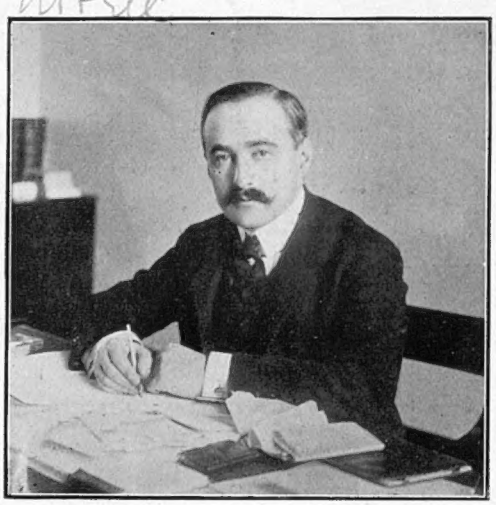


Photo *R. Haines*

Count Albert Mensdorff

The Austrian Ambassador in London, the youngest Ambassador at Court, and a personal friend of King Edward's

I suppose this "invasion" is good for trade, and it is of course quite good to see the dollars fly, but it's just about the worst thing in the world for the English girl. However charming she may be, she generally lacks what her sister from over the water has in abundance, *i.e.*, dollars and cheek, and, therefore, in the race for a husband, which is the avowed object of life to a Society girl on both sides of the Atlantic, she is bound to be left hopelessly behind. Just as all men are the same, once married, so all girls are the same, once wives, and, therefore, our poor Englishmen, especially the younger sons, are hardly to be blamed if they, at any rate, get the dollars.

* * *

Two Popular Diplomats

One of the most popular men in Society at the present time is Count Albert Mensdorff, who, although he represents the oldest monarch in Europe—the great Franz Josef—is, nevertheless, Europe's youngest Ambassador. So far as popularity goes, both with the Royal Family and in Society, he and the Marquis de Soveral, the Portuguese Minister, run just about neck to neck, and one of the famous Royal parties at Chatsworth would be as incomplete without the one as the other. The manners of both are overwhelmingly charming, only, in this latter respect, I might perhaps give the palm to the Marquis de Soveral, whose Southern ways, mixed with the air of Courts, are, to one sex especially, quite irresistible. Both are members of centuries-old families, both are friends of the monarchs in whose country they make their home, and both are members of the most exclusive clubs of the different capitals.

* * *

Baron Komura

The appointment of Baron Komura as Japanese Ambassador to the Court of St. James's will, no doubt, prove a great solace to that statesman, whose position in his own country ever since the Treaty of Portsmouth, in which the Baron, as Japan's Envoy, was compelled to conclude terms which his countrymen regarded as humiliating, has not been pleasant. However, his task in London is likely to be as light as it will be congenial, for, always providing those dear daughters of the Motherland, Australia and Canada, treat the Japs properly, no rift is likely yet awhile to sever the Anglo-Japanese lute of concordant memory.

An American Visitor

Photo *Thomson*

Miss Evelyn Bigelow

The daughter of Mr. Poultney Bigelow, the well-known *littérateur* and war correspondent. Miss Bigelow is one of the many American ladies now staying in London

South Africa at Covent Garden

South Africa at the Opera

One is sometimes constrained to wonder whether, if South Africa had never yielded up gold or diamonds, its financial representatives would be as keen on grand opera as they are, as keen, indeed, on all the arts as are our fabulously wealthy South African millionaires and their wives, especially those in whose veins flows the blood of the Hebrews. People suffering from that very prevalent form of depression known as "Kaffirs," have been filled with green jealousy at the prosperity and the undoubtedly bursting money-bags of them all, and the ease with which they are able to indulge their propensities for buying up everything worth buying up, including opera boxes and pictures and countries; while Englishmen, with only the blood of the Crusaders in their veins, have to be content with a stall once a week, no pictures, and a lot of debts. All the same, green-eyed jealousy put aside, the London season would miss much if we had not such hosts and hostesses in our midst. I suppose it is only as it must be, that the great god Money is able quite to supersede such things as birth and breeding and beauty, as it does nowadays.

* * *

Eton's Head

The "Fourth of June" at Eton is being held to-day (the Sixth) in order to avoid the horrible possibility of any keepers of the Whitsun "alco-holiday" polluting the river and its banks on the great day, and this reminds me that this is the first time Dr. Lyttelton has officiated as "Head" on Eton's Fourth of June. Dr. Edward Lyttelton, as the mothers of the boys there will tell you, with a smile of satisfaction, is "one of the Lytteltons, you know." Son of the fourth Lord Lyttelton, the present Head was himself educated at Eton and went on to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he became the central figure of a notable *coterie* of friends that included the late Master of Harrow, Bishop Welldon. At Cambridge, young Lyttelton distinguished himself greatly, took a second class in the Tripos, and in due course became assistant master at Wellington College and headmaster at Haileybury.

Photo *Lafayette*

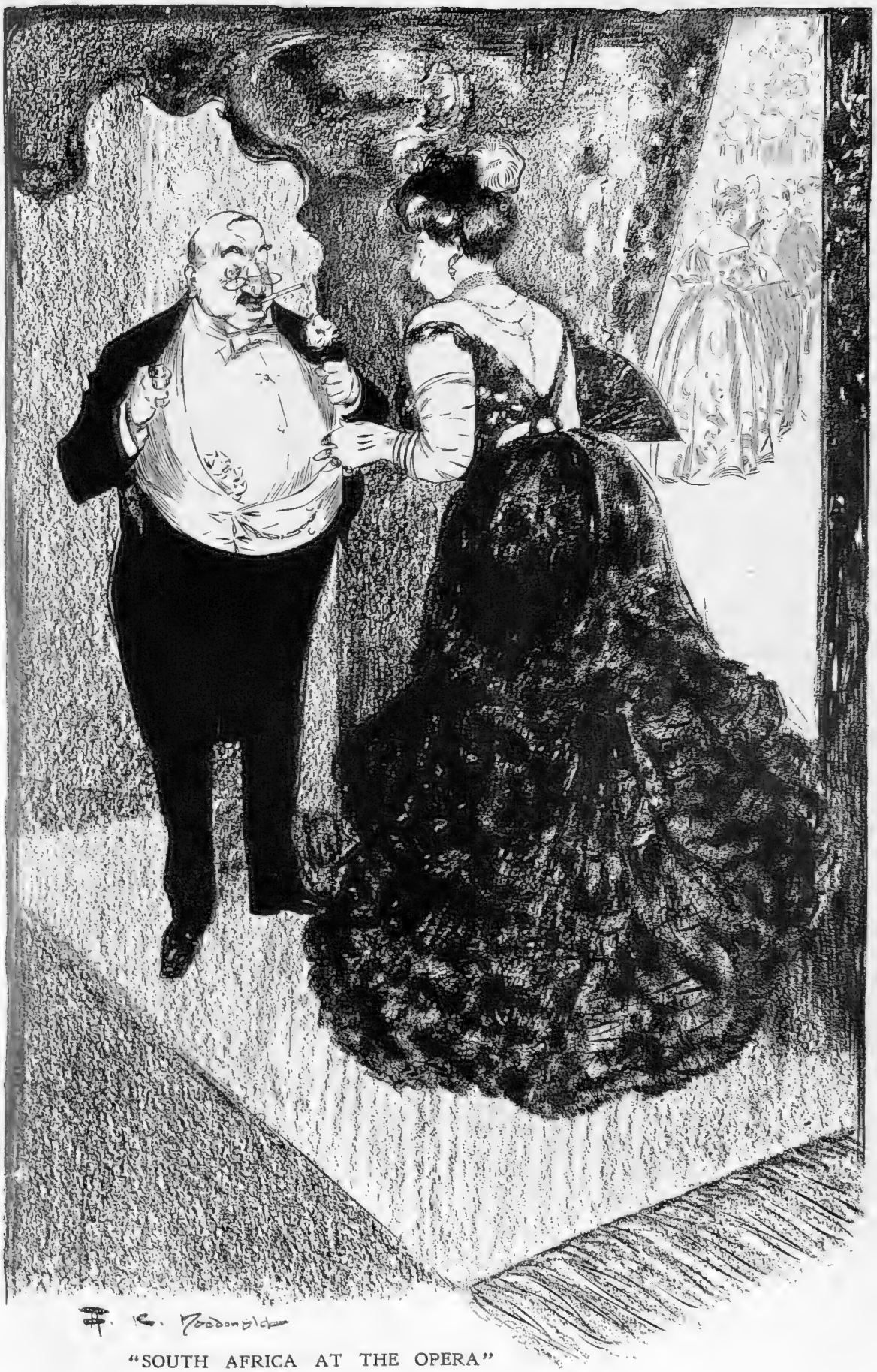
Photo *Gunn and Co.*

Lord and Lady de Ramsey

Who have just returned from Biarritz to Ramsey Abbey, Hunts, where they have been entertaining a Whitsuntide party. Lord de Ramsey is very popular in the county

At Eton

Last year Dr. Lyttelton was appointed headmaster at Eton, and won an instant popularity with the boys, to whom his charming personality had appealed in the days when he came to Eton as a visitor. Dr Lyttelton is passionately fond of cricket, and among several books, besides "Mothers and Sons" and "Training for the Young in the Laws of Sex," he wrote one on cricket which has become quite a hand-book. Of Dr. Lyttelton it may be said, "Where he will, he will, you may depend on't; and where he won't, he won't, and there's an end on't." In a word, Dr. Lyttelton has his own ideas on every subject under the sun, including vegetarianism, and lives almost as frugally as Mr. Bernard Shaw, though I never heard he went to quite the same excess as that gentleman in the matter of split peas. The boys' parents are—many of them—offering up silent prayers that the good legs of mutton and barons of



"SOUTH AFRICA AT THE OPERA"

(*Overheard in the lounge between the acts*)

LADY MOSENTHAL: "Just fancy, Aaron, we sat down thirteen to dinner to-night"

LORD M. (*from Johannesburg, newly created a peer*): "Oh, that don't matter, m' dear, one of 'em was a commoner"

DRAWN BY A. K. MACDONALD

"Following in Father's Footsteps"

Lord Dalmeny at the wicket

Lord Rosebery's eldest son, like himself, is nothing if not an all-round sportsman. As Captain of the Surrey Eleven, and owner of Ramrod, which ran in the "Two Thousand," and was entered for the Derby, he has his hands fully occupied, seeing that he also does a bit of politics in his capacity of M.P. for Mr. Gladstone's old constituency, Midlothian

The "Fourth" to be Held on the Sixth

beef which have made Eton boys what they are and Eton muscles such astonishing things, may not be discarded under his rule. But they may take heart of grace. Although a reformer, the Head is yet not so much of a reformer as all that.

* * *

A "Social Savage" Reformer

Talking of reform, I am inclined to think that one of the "fellows' sisters" has somehow got hold of Dr Lyttelton, for the awful rumour that he intends to institute dancing lessons at the college spreads and spreads; the aforesaid sister evidently having explained to this affable Head what a sad deficiency the young man of the present day shows on coming into the world in the knowledge of how to dispose of his arms and legs in the vortex of the ball! For Eton and its institutions Dr. Lyttelton has a tremendous respect and enthusiasm, and would probably endorse the remark once made by Lord Rosebery that if "a boy doesn't like Eton he's only fit to go to the devil!"

Mr. J. R. Somers-Smith

Captain of the Eton boats

Liberal Lords and Cricket

Talking of cricket, I hear that young Lord Dalmeny, whom one so constantly meets at the Savoy, where, by the way, the "Five O'clock" has become a very amusing institution, is just now much torn in twain at the impossibility of fulfilling successfully the demands of his favourite pursuits—cricket, racing, and Parliament. The latter, being the newest toy, has, perhaps, up to the present, had as much attention as even the most exacting of constituents could demand, but the season of cricket and racing is full upon us, and it remains to be seen whether such a *parti* as Lord Dalmeny will forsake the scenes of his triumphs—the ball-room, the cricket-field, and last, but by no means least, the race-course—for the less admiring and quite indifferent occupants of the House. One could hardly blame him if he chooses the former, only there are the constituents of Midlothian! They are keeping an eagle eye, full of the Scottish suspicion of youth, on him.

Photos *Rouch*

Crews for the "Fourth"

The "Fourth" of June this year falling on a Bank Holiday, the Head of Eton decided to postpone the great water festival till to-day, the 6th. The crews above are seen disembarking after a trial spin last week

Engagements in the Art World

It's Never Too Late to Mend

I never walk round a golf links anywhere without remarking on the fact that golf is a game for all ages. Old gentlemen skip around like young lambs, and yet neither feel that they are making utter asses of themselves, nor get so hot they have to discard the coat which graces their vanished waists; young ones like it when they feel too slack for lawn tennis or footer; and women, old and young, get a chance to display ankles and figures they never had in the old days. No wonder, therefore, that our most estimable Lord Chancellor, the Baron Loreburn, has taken to the Royal game and while up at Aberlady for the Whitsuntide recess, played and practised with an ardour his sixty summers have not yet succeeded in quenching. Of course, it would be dull spending a holiday at Aberlady or Gullane without playing golf, and his lordship *has*, perhaps, passed the age at which he cares to play his former favourite pastimes—racquets and cricket—but, all the same, it is a continual triumph for the game of golf that so many of its enthusiastic converts are on the shadier side of sixty. Lord Loreburn was accompanied on his Scottish trip by that gentleman who rejoices in the romantic title of the King's Remembrancer, Sir Kenneth Mackenzie.

* * *

Weddings and Engagements

Four of the biggest weddings of the season take place next week. On Tuesday the much-talked-of wedding of the Marquis of Graham and Lady Mary Douglas Hamilton, whose tenants at Arran are giving her a most beautiful diamond and turquoise tiara, is to take place at St. George's, Hanover Square, the reception being held by Mary Duchess of Hamilton, at Devonshire House, the home of the bride's grandmother. Lady Mary, by the way, cannot be counted on as one of the hostesses of the future, for, like her mother, she is devoted to the country and country pursuits, and is not at all fond of London.

On the following Thursday the marriage of Lord Ninian Crichton-Stuart, Scots Guards, to the Hon. Ismay Preston, will take place from Gormanston Castle; and on the same day the Hon. Arthur Crichton and Miss Katherine Trefusis will be married at All Saints', Ennismore Gardens. On Saturday following, the only son of Lord and Lady Grey—Lord Howick, assistant secretary to Lord Selborne—is to marry his chief's only daughter, Lady Mabel Palmer.

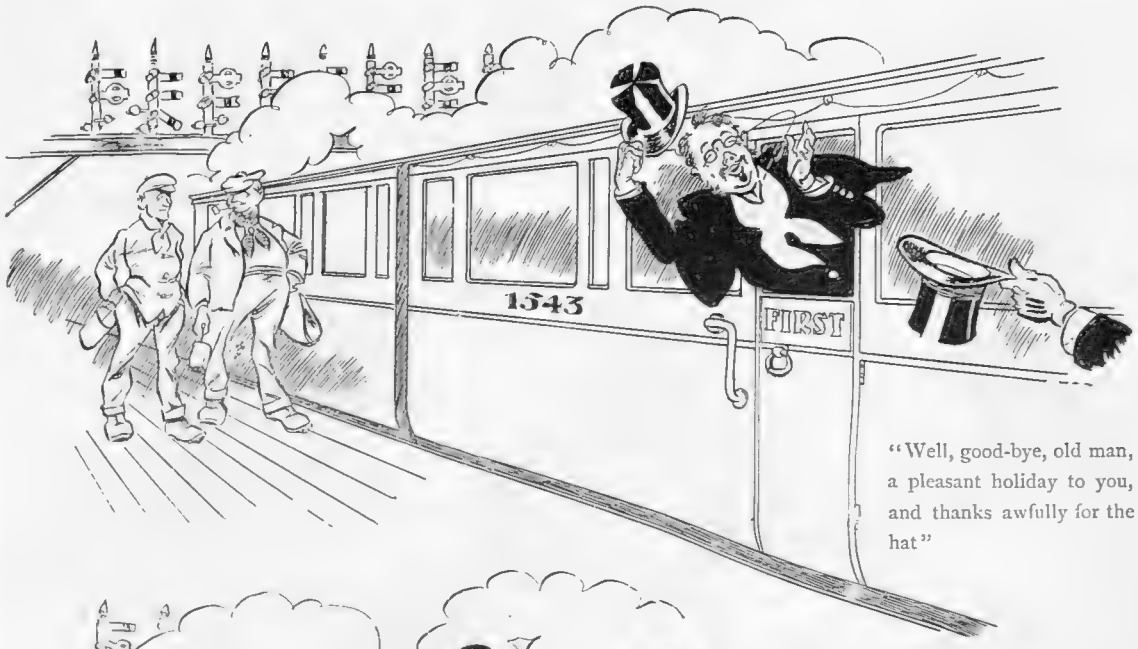
Some of the most interesting engagements lately announced include that of Lord Haddo, son of and A.D.C. to Lord Aberdeen, and Mrs. Cockayne; Captain Jarvis, Yorks Regiment, also to a widow, Mrs. Johnson Stewart, daughter of the late Sir J. Hunter Blair, and a sister to the Countess of Glasgow, whose son, Viscount Kelburne, married Miss Hyacinth Bell, at Bletchingley, Surrey, last week; and Miss Theodora Rivière, daughter of Mr. Briton Rivière, R.A., who is to marry Dr. Arthur Boddington, M.A., M.D., of Winchester. Yet another engagement of interest in the painting world is that of the pretty daughter of Mr. Luke Fildes, R.A., to Mr. B. A. Whittaker Ellis, the grandson of Sir John Aird. BYSTANDER.

Photos *H. Walter Barnett*

Mr. Basil A. Whittaker Ellis **Miss P. K. Fildes**

Whose engagement is announced. Mr. Ellis is a grandson of Sir John Aird, and Miss Fildes the daughter of Mr. Luke Fildes, R.A., the celebrated artist. Another "artistic" engagement is that of Miss Theodora Rivière, daughter of Mr. Briton Rivière, R.A., to Dr. Boddington

JOHNSON'S WHITSUN HAT



"Well, good-bye, old man, a pleasant holiday to you, and thanks awfully for the hat"

". . . . Don't forget to give my love to them all at home"

". . . . And to think, Bill, it wuz only yesterday the missis wus saying I orter 'ave a new 'at"

DRAWN BY RENE BULL.

The Bride of the Season

Photo] **Lady Mary Hamilton with her favourite dogs at Easton** *[Bassano*

Lady Mary's marriage to Lord Graham takes place next week at St. George's, Hanover Square. Her exploits at the Eye Election made her famous, coupled with the fact that she is the richest heiress in the country, but so devoted is she to the country, and country life, that she is unlikely to figure frequently as a London hostess in the future

The Marriage of "Lady Mary"

SOME VIEWS OF THE HAMILTON SEAT IN SUFFOLK

Lady Mary Hamilton's Suffolk residence, Easton Park

View of the South side of the house, showing the game larder

Photos *Bassano*

The house at Easton Park from the East side

PARIS Week by Week.

By FRANCES KEYZER

"Les Juges d'Instruction"

A French humorist once remarked: "If ever I am accused of having stolen the bells of Notre Dame, the first thing I shall do is to run away." To English ears this sounds absurd, but Frenchmen will think it logical. Woe to the man or woman who gets into the clutches of the examining magistrate—*Juge d'Instruction* as we call him. He can, if fancy takes him, keep you in prison for weeks, for months, for a whole year, and then calmly tell you that he releases you from custody. Not a word of apology nor explanation. Possibly, the Press may discuss the matter if you are somebody of note, and take the judge to task. But there is no redress whatsoever, and everybody, as before, is at the mercy of these magistrates, some of whom cannot even control their temper. I remember one —Bonisset was his name—who wanted my deposition in connection with some plate stolen from my apartment. The examining magistrates have each a room opening on a long corridor, and sit at a desk with their backs to the window, so that the light falls on the person—witness or accused—whom they want to examine. Whilst I waited in the corridor for my turn to be called, I heard someone shout at the top of his voice, and I looked inquiringly at the Municipal Guard on duty. "That's old Bonisset," he said, "he always shrieks." I soon found that the man's statement was correct, for no sooner had I stated my case than M. Bonisset started upbraiding me loudly for not having locked away my plate more carefully; and I began to wonder how he would deal with the robber if that was his attitude towards the person robbed.

* * *

A French Mrs. Maybrick?

All this came into my mind when I read of the curious poisoning case in Bordeaux, of Mme. Canaby's trial for attempting to take her husband's life; and I at once recognised the hand of the provincial *Juge d'Instruction*, a much worse specimen than his Paris colleague. The mentality of the average French provincial is not of a high standard, and the same is the case with their magistrates, who have only one desire: to secure a sensational case wherewith to connect their name. And we now witness the extraordinary charge against a woman for poisoning her husband, when not only the latter, but his entire family, including his mother —yes, Mme. Canaby's mother-in-law—loudly protest against this charge. But Mme. Canaby was a Society woman whom everybody was proud to receive, and here, therefore, was a beautiful scandal, too beautiful to let it escape. And that curious institution, the provincial Press, joined in the hue and cry, and whilst the woman was still on her trial, described her as "the poisoner." All the pent-up envy and spite of those not invited to Mme. Canaby's receptions burst loose in every kind of abuse against the accused; and the twelve Bordeaux gentlemen, good and true, who constituted the jury, must have been remarkably constituted if they gave her—as is to be hoped—a fair trial.

France's present to King Alfonso

Set of table ornaments in *biscuit de Sèvres*, which France is offering as a present to the Spanish Sovereign. The subject is "The Triumph of Bacchus"

* * *

A New Play

M. Edouard Rod has been the cause of some lively discussions since his play *Le Reformateur* was produced at L'Œuvre a few nights ago. He has brought the vexed question of Rousseau's sincerity of his right to preach one doctrine and act another, to our very doors. He has thrown us in the midst of the strife in which the great man lived, and has made us as enthusiastically his partisans and as bitterly his detractors as in the days when he decided to write his Confessions. We are living over again the moment when the world awoke to the fact that Jean-Jacques, the genius who wrote the *Contrat Social*, who mapped out the education of Emile,

made foundlings of his own children, deposited them year after year, five little ones, as each was born, on the corner stone of the Foundling Hospital. But we are nearer the truth to-day, nearer the reasoning that prompted the act, than were those who condemned him. We have had the theories of Darwin, of Spencer, of Malthus, the philosophy of Balzac, of the great Germans, to make steps for us to climb.

* * *

Motor Elopements and Bob Walter

This is the third time within six months that we have had what, in journalistic parlance, used to be called "an elopement in high life"; and, being up-to-date, these elopements were accomplished by the aid of a motor-car. If you are at all acquainted with Paris you will know that the firms who manufacture or let out motor-cars are scattered round and about the Porte-Maillot, and, in your wanderings, you may have noticed an establishment with "Bob Walter" written over the door. That lady's name — for Bob Walter is a member of the fair sex— deserves to go down to posterity. She befriends lovers in amorous straits, and places her chauffeurs at the disposal of intending runaway couples At the last escapade, which, like a cheap novel, ended in marriage, it was good Mme. Bob Walter who supplied the vehicle that carried the young lady and gentleman to the land of Cythera; and this time it was again Mme. Walter who came to the rescue.

* * *

The Hope that Failed

An amusing story is told of M. Arthur Meyer, editor and proprietor of *Le Gaulois*, the royalist, retrograde, clerical, anti-commonsense paper, wherein every piece of news undergoes a special preparation to suit the taste of its aristocratic *clientèle*, and make them happy in the belief that we still live in the days when a nobleman thought it a disgrace to be able to read or write. On the day of the General Election, M. Meyer felt so sure that Colonel Marchand—of Fashoda fame—would head the poll, that he ordered a transparent portrait of that noble warrior to be exhibited in the window of the *Gaulois* the moment the result of the election should be known. The huge wooden frame was fixed ready to receive the portrait; the man in charge stood waiting for a signal to switch on the electric light; when, alas, the telephone brought the doleful news that M. Meyer's candidate had been badly beaten. And the passers-by wondered why the wooden frame remained empty, like a socket bereft of its eye.

* * *

M. Antoine and the Odéon

M. Antoine is jubilant. He has reached the summit of his ambition. Manager of the Odéon, at last! Whether he will make a good thing financially out of his present theatre is a problem that time will solve, but he will certainly give interesting plays, and they will be well acted—if his overseers, the Beaux Arts Ministry, leave him a free hand. But the Odéon is the Second Théâtre Français, and Ministers have *protegées*. They are but human. And we may see as uninteresting a collection of young favourites on one side of the Seine as on the other. And—what will Antoine do then, poor thing? Whether Antoine can attract a public to the Odéon remains to be seen; but what Gémier will do with his management of the Antoine engrosses theatre-goers. A great artist, a great actor, but a very timid man. Will he make a good manager? *Nous verrons*. At all events, let us wish them both luck.

Lancelot

M. Coquelin "*aîné*" and Mme. Robinne at the Artists' Sports at the Velodrome, Paris

A glimpse of the famous actor, who is now visiting England, as he is in real life. A photograph of him in the guise of Cyrano de Bergerac will be seen on page 486

The PLAYHOUSES

The Late Henrik Ibsen

The death of the great Norwegian dramatist has raised the question of his influence upon modern thought. It is generally agreed that his genius is of a kind which must stamp, nay, even mould, the thought of his generation. But when the last word by the ablest person has been written, it is doubtful whether anyone will have been able to prove that his influence had any far-reaching effect upon the British stage.

The Critics v. Ibsen

Ibsen's entry into England was made, in the 'sixties, as difficult as it could be, owing to the stout opposition of a school of critics who looked upon his influence as baleful. In fact, the dramatist split the critical faculty into two camps—those for him and those against him. Some of Ibsen's stout old opponents have been gathered to their fathers. They fought him to the end. In these days we think this opposition misguided. But it would be churlish to withhold admiration of the motives which prompted this bitter opposition. This doughty school of critics fought against Ibsen simply and solely because they were prompted by an almost jealous love of the stage. They looked with horror upon the man and upon his philosophy. They did everything in their power to prevent him from contaminating the British stage. The word is theirs. In a sense, Ibsen's supporters triumphed. The gates were opened, and any manager who put up an Ibsen play felt assured that the opposition of the anti-Ibsenites would have no prejudicial effect upon his audience.

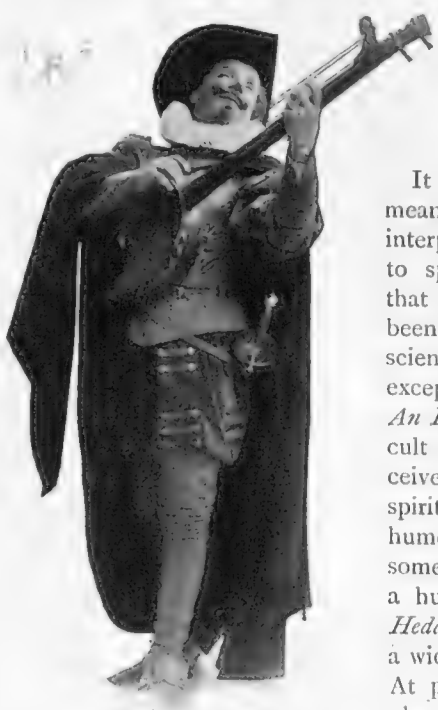
Boredom and Disgust

Indeed, fulmination may be said to have had the usual effect of defeating its own purpose. Playgoers crowded to see if Ibsen's plays were as bad as his denunciators made out. With what result? The average playgoer was, in the main, bored. He could make neither head nor tail of Ibsen's purpose or "message," and with his treatment of nauseous themes he was frankly disgusted. Moreover, the dramatist cast no solitary ray of humour to relieve the general depression of his work. Without "comic relief" of a kind the greatest genius cannot hope to gain the suffrages of British audiences. Of course, those who would print the word "Art" in display capitals feel the utmost contempt for what they deem this Philistine view of Ibsen's genius. But the Philistines make up the great mass of the playgoing body, and their more soulful brethren, being a minority, must, as Mr. Birrell has told us, suffer.

Photo *R. W. Thomas*

Miss Iris Hawkins

The clever child actress, who gives such a remarkable performance of the boy in *His House in Order* at the St. James's Theatre



M. Coquelin *aîné* as Cyrano de Bergerac

Which play will be included in the *répertoire* M. Coquelin has brought with him to the Royalty Theatre

Ibsen's Lack of Disciples

Ibsen has not directly affected the English theatre by his own work. He has not even affected it indirectly by influencing writers for the theatre. He has gained no disciples among English dramatists. Perhaps we might except Mr. Shaw. Like Ibsen, Mr. Shaw has boldly tackled subjects which other dramatists are content to leave severely alone. But then he has given his pills a liberal sugaring of humour.

It may be argued that Ibsen's meaning has been obscured by his interpreters. Of this it is difficult to speak. One can only suppose that translators and players have been animated by the most conscientious motives. Herein we must except Mr. Tree's production of *An Enemy of the People*. It is difficult to believe that Ibsen conceived his play in a farcical spirit. Mr. Tree artfully gave it a humorous twist. Perhaps, when someone has been able to think out a humorous reading of *Ghosts* and *Hedda Gabler*, these plays will make a wider appeal to the British public. At present, with the rest of Ibsen's plays, they remain on the bookshelf, and have but an unimportant place in the *répertoire* of the British stage.

"Raffles" at the Comedy Theatre

Photo] Miss Jessie Bateman Mr. Gerald du Maurier [*Dover Street Studios*

Yet another balcony scene

The love interest in *Raffles* is of the slightest. The amateur cracksman has a *penchant* for the fascinating Gwendoline Caron, but when detection comes the cracksman is not concerned in a "happy ending" of the conventional sort, being only too glad to escape from his pursuers. The play is one of the most exciting seen in London for many a long day

Waldorf Theatre

"SHORE ACRES"

On an occasion I was accompanied to a first-night by one from the wilds of West Africa. He was the type of man who has scoured nearly every quarter of the globe, and has gathered a wide experience of men and matters. Every year or so he would come to Town for a week, and live at the theatres. It was his first experience of a *première*, and he was eager to see the critics. I pointed them all out to him.

"They look sad dogs," said he.

I laughed without venturing upon a defence. Whether they appear sad dogs or not, critics have much to fill them with sadness. Continual attendance at indifferent plays is not conducive to gaiety of disposition. And when the play gives them satisfaction there is quite a chance that the public will step in to supply the harassing note. It is difficult to say which is the more bearable, a bad play acclaimed by the public, or a good one not properly appreciated by them.

An impression of Mr. Harry Lauder

By Norman Morrow

Mr. Lauder received recently a great ovation upon his return to his engagements after an indisposition which lasted nearly four weeks

Three Fine Performances

These mournful reflections are the outcome of a visit to *Shore Acres* some nights after the first production. One looked at the pit and wished it were up to musical-comedy standards. For *Shore Acres* is a sound piece of work, which rings true and supplies great opportunities for some delightful acting. It is true the story is simple. It is unsophisticated, maybe. But what matters that if it give such excellent chances to the players? My good public, I counsel you to spare an evening from the noisy delights of the musical plays now running in Town, in order to go and see Mr. Edmund Maurice, Mr. Cyril Maude, and Miss Mary Rorke in *Shore Acres*. These three portraits of country people are distinguished by the most skilful touches. You should not miss the fine power and restraint of Mr. Maurice, the admirably expressed sentiment of Mr. Maude as Uncle Nat, the comedy of Miss Rorke as the good mother with her New England trick of repeating her sentences. As the daughter who defies her father, Miss Alice Crawford was not so happy. The rôle needs far more simplicity of treatment. Miss Crawford is very beautiful, but she is conscious not of her beauty, but of herself generally. She has not yet arrived at the pitch of art which enables a player to merge her identity in that of the character. Consequently, when she has to express emotion arising out of the situations, the effort to get away from her own personality is obvious. She does not strike a true chord, for the reason that she has not been previously attuned to the thoughts and emotions of the character she is assuming. It is not easy suddenly to cry as Helen Barron, when you have just been expressing the joy, and the beauty, and the high spirits of Miss Alice Crawford.

Garrick Theatre

The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt, at the Garrick Theatre, is now preceded at every performance by a Rustic Comedy, written by M. E. Francis (Mrs. Blundell), entitled *The Third Time of Asking*, in which Mr. Arthur Bourchier gives a clever sketch of a Lancashire lout.

Palace Theatre

Guerrero has returned to the Palace. This is an event of quite respectable importance, for, notwithstanding the number of Spanish dancers now appearing before the public, Guerrero is queen of them all. She is more than a dancer, she is an actress of first-rate ability. As a pantomimist she has few rivals, as everyone will own who saw her Carmen, a performance which was not only responsible, in great measure, for the long run of the ballet, but which caused Guerrero to be ranked among the operatic stars who enjoy the advantage over her of speech in their impersonation of the character. Guerrero is now appearing in a sketch entitled *The Daughter of the Mountains*, with a company of brigands. The sketch is good, but Guerrero is worthy of something more ambitious.

Alhambra Theatre

The new Alhambra ballet—still unnamed—is in active rehearsal. Classical in subject, it has been written and arranged by Mr. Charles Wilson from a scenario by Mrs. Hay-Ritchie, while the music has been composed by M. Francois Thomé. This ballet will introduce two new dancers, in Signorina Maria Bordin and Signorina Enrica Varasi, from the Continent.

French Plays at the New Royalty

La Joie Fait Peur tells the simple story of the pains taken by an old family servant and a daughter to break the news to the mother that her son whom she has mourned as dead has returned. The play is spun out beyond its legitimate length, but it serves M. Coquelin *aîné* to show amiable humours (it is fascinating to watch the play of his hands and countenance) as the old servant Noel, and Mme. Bouchetal to give a very moving picture of the mother whose sorrow is turned to joy.

Les Romanesques, M. Rostand's three-act comedy in verse, is equally unpretentious. Two old neighbours, Bergamin and Pasquinot, wish their children to marry. Knowing the romantic disposition of the young couple, who would be discontented if the affair ran smoothly, the parents pretend a dislike for each other and a violent opposition to the match. Moreover, they arrange with one Straforel, an adventurer, to carry out a burlesque abduction of the lady in order that the young man may have an opportunity of coming to the rescue of his lady-love. Much amusement was created by M. Coquelin *aîné* in his speech of wonderful length describing the various abductions, and the price of each according to the accessories required. The plot, of course, is exploded, to the disgust of the lovers, but they are brought together again by Straforel, who realises that only by this means will his account for the abduction be settled.

The verse is musical and the comedy is splendidly acted. M. Coquelin *aîné*, as Straforel, has not the opportunities which fall to the old fathers played by M. Jean Coquelin and M. Chabert. E. C. S.

Where Shall We Go To-Night?

"The Bystander" Theatre Guide

Haymarket, at 9: *The Man from Blankley's.*—The funniest play now running in Town.

Garrick, at 8.40: *The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt.*—Entertaining enough. Mr. Bourchier as a bold, bad abductor, with a sense of humour. Miss Vanbrugh a victim, very capable of looking after herself.

St. James's, at 8.15 sharp: *His House in Order.*—The masterpiece of the season. If there had been a higher average of plays, it is doubtful whether the chorus of praise would have been so loud, but no matter.

New, at 8.30: *Dorothy o' the Hall.*—Same type of picturesque melodrama as *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, but a much better play.

Criterion, at 8.15: *Undine*; at 9: *The Whirlwind.*—Mrs. Pat Campbell has a fine part in *The Whirlwind*, though many critics have fallen foul of the play (*La Rafale*).

Court, at 8.15: *Captain Brassbound's Conversion.*—An early play of Mr. Shaw's, not in his best manner. Miss Ellen Terry full of life and go.

Duke of York's, at 8.20: *The Lion and the Mouse.*—A drama with an American reputation.

Comedy, at 8.30: *Raffles.*—You can hardly draw breath for excitement. Mr. Du Maurier plays the cracksman with just the needful lightness and insouciance.

New Royalty (Theatre Française), at 8.15.—The season of French plays fittingly inaugurated by M. Coquelin *aîné.*

Terry's, at 8.15: *Castles in Spain.*—A "pot-pourri" comic opera. Do not miss Mr. Fragson's song describing how the London managers "received him most politely."

Lyric, at 8.30: *Brigadier Gerard.*—A good, if slightly tricky, stage rendering of Dr. Conan Doyle's clever creation

Savoy, at 8.45: *The Shulamite.*—A powerful play of the South African veldt, in which Miss Ashwell appears to advantage.

Imperial, at 8.30: *Boy O'Carroll.*—Mr. Martin Harvey in a play where noise often supplies the part of action.

Waldorf, at 8.30: *Shore Acres.*—See above.

Musical Plays at Daly's, Vaudeville, Aldwych, Gaiety, Prince of Wales's.

Photo] **A New "Tale of a Tub": The problem of Diogenes at St. George's Hall** [*Campbell-Gray*

This ingenious and baffling novelty is accompanied by some very amusing patter by Mr. Devant. A piece of paper, with a rough sketch of a head on it, is stretched across the tub to make a sort of drum. An electric light is lowered into the tub, the light showing the tub to be empty. A tap of the magical wand, and suddenly Diogenes's head appears, and the venerable philosopher emerges from the tub and walks across the stage

"The Blue Ribb

DERBY DAY SCENES ON

A Derby parade

One of the delights of the big race is to see the horses paraded in front of the stands. It is a splendid opportunity of comparing the merits of the competitors from the standpoint of "looks"

Arriving on the course

Vehicles in their hundreds continue to drive up until the hour of the race—some belated travellers have been known to arrive after it was all over

A TYPICAL DERBY DAY SCE

The photograph is taken from the stands, and is an winning-post and on the hill. The crowd extends on

...on of the Turf"

...N ROAD AND RACECOURSE

Going down by road

Despite the quick train service to Epsom, as well as the ubiquitous motor-car, coaching to the Derby is still hugely popular. Yet another style of getting to Epsom is illustrated by the pedestrian on the left of the picture

Fortifying the inner man

With all Epsom coaching parties, the *al fresco* luncheon is one of the enjoyable features of the day

...CENE: CLEARING THE COURSE

...an excellent view of the great crowd massed near the ...on either side of the course as far as Tattenham Corner

Bystander "From Abroad" Competition

(SECOND LIST)

A few weeks ago we published a page of photographs of people reading The Bystander *in different parts of the globe, the idea having struck us that since many of our readers in distant parts have been kind enough to send us photographs of this nature we would encourage their efforts by offering prizes. Below we publish four more of these photographs, taken by our readers in out-of-the-way regions. People who have relations and friends in the Colonies and elsewhere would do us a favour if they would draw attention to this Competition, which we believe will be pleasing to friends abroad, as it is the only one we know of solely for the benefit of foreign readers of a paper. The only conditions are that on the back of the photograph should be put the name and address of the sender and full particulars as to where it was taken, and any other matter of interest concerning it. A prize of* 10*s.* 6*d. will be given for every photograph published. They should be enclosed in an envelope marked "Bystander Abroad," and addressed to "The Art Editor,"* The Bystander, *Tallis Street, London, E.C.*

"The Bystander" in the Land of the Pharaohs

The sender of this photograph, Sergt. K. Kirkwell, the Soldiers' Club, Cairo, writes: "This photograph was taken about half a mile from the Great Pyramid. The Bystander is much appreciated by the soldiers of the British Army here, one of whom forms the subject of the photo"

"The Bystander" at Port Sudan

Sent by Mr. C. E. Gaze, The Harbour Works, Port Sudan. Port Sudan is the terminus of the Nile and Red Sea Railway, recently inaugurated by Lord Cromer. The lucky man in the middle of the picture, who has his Bystander sent by friends in England, is immediately besieged by all his companions on its arrival

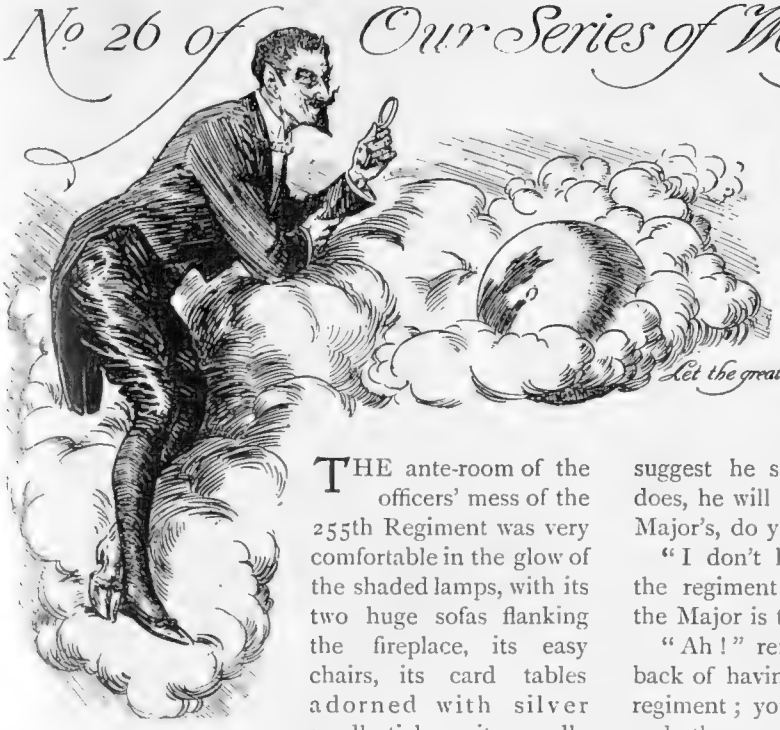
"The Bystander" 8,724 ft. above sea level

Sent by E. J. Courvoisier, Chaux de Fonds, Switzerland. The picture was taken during a climbing expedition in the Dent du Midi range. The paper has frozen to an ice-axe

"The Bystander" in the Temple of Juno

Sent by Miss McLean, Royston, Wimborne, which shows The Bystander being read in the precincts of the Temple of Juno, Gorgenti, Sicily

No. 26 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories



The Flood-Gates of Memory

By R. VIVEASH

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

THE ante-room of the officers' mess of the 255th Regiment was very comfortable in the glow of the shaded lamps, with its two huge sofas flanking the fireplace, its easy chairs, its card tables adorned with silver candlesticks, its walls ·ered with many engravings of the battles in which · regiment had played a part, relieved here and re by portraits of officers long since forgotten, ess one were to look up the history of the heroes the regiment. In the angles of the wall were hung es of old metals and trophies of shooting expedi- ns in all parts of the world.

The 255th Foot were a regiment with no small inion of themselves, and nothing had ever smirched eir good name, while, as with many line regiments -day, there was an *esprit de corps* that made officers ang together and retain an interest in the old egiment long after they had retired.

But the silence in the temporarily deserted room was unbroken, save for the shrill ticking of a clock nd an occasional burst of laughter proceeding om the room where, it being their weekly guest- ight, the members of the mess were entertaining. The folding-doors swung open for an instant, giving a glimpse of the mess table groaning under a weight of silver-plate and surrounded by red-coated officers, who chatted gaily as they smoked and drank their wine. As the doors opened, two men entered the ante-room; one a short, spruce-looking captain, with an eye-glass, and the other a tall, elderly looking subaltern. The latter crossed over to the mantelpiece, lazily watching the company and lighting a cigarette.

"Funny old bird, the Major's guest?" the Captain said slowly.

"Why?"

"Heard him declare he'd been a teetotaler for six months. If he has been, he has jolly well made up for it to-night. I never saw a man drink like he does, yet funnily enough it does not seem to have bucked him up a bit."

"Yes, that's true," remarked the Captain, twirling his moustache. "He's one of those melancholy Johnnies, I suppose. I hope the Major won't suggest he should cut in and play bridge. If he does, he will spoil our four. Is he an old pal of the Major's, do you think?"

"I don't know about that, but he used to be in the regiment about twenty or thirty years ago, and the Major is the only man who knew him."

"Ah!" remarked the Captain, "that's the drawback of having twenty or thirty years' service in one regiment; you are so apt to run across old officers, and then you have to invite them to mess on guest-night, and they bore both their host and the company. What's his name?"

"Cheriton, I believe. The Major told me he was a very good officer, and did something very heroic once. Was more or less brained by some nigger chap, and what with that and some domestic trouble he got a bit queer, and——"

The Captain's remarks were cut short by the entrance of the remainder of the diners. As it was the leave season, there was by no means the full mess, even including an officer in the uniform of the Army Medical Corps, and a white-haired, elderly man, slovenly attired in old evening clothes. He was tall and gaunt, and his face a trifle flushed, though his bearing still bore traces of his military training. As the group emerged from the dining-room, the regimental string band struck up a tune which floated softly into the room.

"What's that, Cosham?" said the guest, turning to his host as they moved towards a sofa.

"'Love's Old Sweet Song,'" responded the Major, carelessly.

"So it is; so it is," murmured the civilian. "She used to sing it—— Ah, I remember it so well—— My memory seems coming back."

The Major looked at his guest with a shade of anxiety in his eyes. "Buck up, Cheriton. What's the matter? Won't you join in a rubber; of course you play bridge?"

His guest shook his head. "No; I'm afraid I don't, but don't worry about me. I will just look round at the old things."

As the guest wandered round the room, noting all the pictures that had once been so familiar to his eyes, he said, "Do you know, Cosham, it's a long time since I last saw all this. We were in that tumble-down old ruin of a bungalow at Salabad, weren't we? Yes, that must be where I last saw all these things hanging up."

Another "Worldly" story next week

(All rights strictly reserved)

For a moment he paused and passed his hands over his eyes as if trying to remember something, and then turning round quickly to his host—"It's a curious thing," he said; "I don't know what's coming over me this evening. Everything seems to have been so vague, but to-night it is different. Looking at these things seems to open the flood-gates of the brain and let through a tide of memory—memories which make the years seem but yesterday, and," he added, with a shudder, "what devilish things one does remember."

"Well, Major," called out one of the officers, "is your friend going to play bridge, or does he prefer to go to the billiard-room?"

"Come on, Cheriton," said the Major, a little bit alarmed at the prospect of opening the flood-gate of his memory; "if you won't make up a four at bridge, let's go to the billiard-room."

But Cheriton was determined, apparently, to stay where he was, for he looked round the room with a fascinated air. "I would rather stay here."

The short Captain with the eye-glass took occasion to cry, "Come, Doc., there's still room for our usual four."

"All right," said the officer in the uniform of the Army Medical Corps, with some stiffness, for he strongly objected to have his profession thrust down his throat at any time, especially at mess. However, he sat down and the game commenced.

The portly Major Cosham was now standing with his back to the fire, whilst the remaining officers had settled down in the room, either reading or talking in subdued tones. Cheriton, after wandering aimlessly about the room, had come to a halt in front of a large picture of a dreary range of Indian Hills.

"Have a drink, Cheriton?" shouted the Major, pressing a bell at the side of the mantelpiece.

Cheriton, who was staring vacantly at the picture and muttering softly to himself, responded without even turning his head. "Thanks, a small whisky-and-soda."

"Good Lord!" softly exclaimed the elderly subaltern at the bridge table. "Why he has had Vermouth, sherry, a bucket of fizz, any amount of port, and three Chartreuses; now he starts on whisky. I don't envy him his head in the morning."

"I knew a man who died from mixing his drinks," put in the Doctor, sorting his hand.

"Oh! dry up. I will make hearts," exclaimed the short Captain, testily.

The two drinks appeared, Cheriton swallowed his at a gulp, whilst the Major sipped his slowly, his twinkling eye wandering round the room till they rested on a good-looking youthful subaltern lounging in an arm-chair and reading a letter.

The Major finished his drink, then said, "Note from your lady-love, I suppose, Clinton?"

The good-looking youth flushed slightly, but forbore to answer, as he knew well the Major's method of teasing. Not to be baulked, the Major continued, "I suppose you are very sorry for yourself, being here to-night instead of at Combe Park with your fiancée?"

The youth laughed softly, but answered nothing.

Once more the Major commenced the attack, a note of bitterness betraying itself in his genial voice. "Why on earth do you want to go out every day to see a woman to whom you will shortly be tied for life? Instead of playing games, you sit for hours probably squeezing her hand, or looking at her with love-sick eyes. Bah! it isn't worth it. After all, love is only a little mutual admiration combined with a varying amount of animal passion inherited from our monkey ancestors."

Again the youth laughed, and said, good-humouredly: "Oh, no! there is a higher form than that."

The Major looked at him for a second, then seating himself on the sofa, said brusquely, "Don't you believe it. The only higher form there is never exists outside story books."

Cheriton, who, unnoticed, had been listening intently to all this, crossed over to the fire, and in his turn stood with his back towards it, saying, in an even voice, "You are wrong there, Cosham. I have known of people who sacrificed everything for love: friendship, honour, and hopes in this world and the world to come." Then turning to the youth, he added quietly, "What do you think would be the most terrible death a man could have?"

With an expression of alarm on his face, the Major sprang up once more, and rang the bell. "Have another split, old man?" he said boisterously. If the Major had calculated to distract his friend's thoughts, he was not more than momentarily successful. Cheriton's thirst was unquenchable, but after he had drained his glass, he turned again to the youth. "There are many dreadful forms of death, but I do not think anything could beat the sort that happened to an officer I knew; it might interest you to hear it."

"No, no," interrupted the Major. "Don't start any of your blood-curdling yarns, Cheriton."

"But I should very much like to hear what your friend has got to say," said the youth.

"Well, what I will tell you concerns two men who lived in India; they belonged to the same regiment, one was an unmarried captain and the other was a newly married subaltern. The two men were the greatest friends, the subaltern having always worshipped the captain, been guided by him in everything, trusting him implicitly. He was also very pleased to find that his wife as well seemed to be very taken with the captain, and made great friends with him, which friendship lasted two years, at the end of which the subaltern discovered that his trusted friend had taken advantage of him, had destroyed his honour, and had smashed up his home. It may interest you to hear the story as I learnt it a good many years ago."

During these words the Major had been shifting nervously in his seat, and, as his guest finished speaking, he once more touched the bell, saying, "Another peg, old man?"

Cheriton did not notice the interruption, but remained gazing vacantly into space. The drink was produced, meeting the same fate as its predecessors, and once again the empty glass was placed on the mantelpiece by the side of the Major's full one.

The youthful subaltern, who had been impatiently waiting for the story, and who thought it rather amusing to rag the Major's guest, broke in with, "Well, sir, aren't you going to tell the story?"

(Continued on page 496)

Photo] [*Rentlinger*

Madame Jane Hading in "La Pompadour"

The famous French actress, who is now on tour in the English provinces, will open a season with her company of twenty-five actors and actresses at the Coronet Theatre, June 11. The opening play will be the younger Dumas's *Le Demi-Monde*, in which Mme. Hading has found one of her most striking rôles

(Continued from page 494)

The Major glared furiously at him, whilst Cheriton, clearing his throat, said: "Of course! Let me see; I was wandering. Well, it happened that——"

"Never mind the story, old man; it will be bad for the youngsters I'm sure," said the Major, making a feeble attempt to be jocular. Then crossing over to a table he seized a heavy album, which he placed in Cheriton's hands, saying, "Have a look at this old fellow, it will interest you. It's the old regimental photo album."

Cheriton took the book mechanically, and gazed at it with unseeing eyes. He laid the book down on the sofa, where it remained open with one heavy leaf poised in the air, as if uncertain which way to fall; whilst the Major devoutly wished his guest would go home.

"Buck up, partner! I have made no-trumps," said the Doctor, noting with pleasure the four aces in his hand.

But the small Captain took no notice, and said, in surprised tones, "I wish the Major had not stopped his guest from rambling on. He might tell us something 'spicy.' I'm going to listen."

So the three others had perforce to do the same; and laying down their hands, they turned their eyes towards the Major's guest, who was still standing in front of the fire, his eyes fixed moodily on the ceiling.

At last Cheriton's gaze wandered till his eyes rested on those of the youthful subaltern. This appeared to remind him of the story, for he at once commenced: "Yes, the subaltern discovered his friend's treachery in rather a curious manner. The regiment was on active service on the frontier, where they were engaged in blockading a hostile tribe, and were holding small forts at some distance apart. The captain and the subaltern were in the same company, which company was holding a fort about fifteen miles away over the hills from headquarters. In this fort the captain got bad fever and grew very sick, so the doctor was summoned. It was found to be enteric fever, a bad case. The doctor said he could not move the patient, so left him to the subaltern to nurse, giving a multitude of directions, and saying he would return every week to see how the patient was progressing, that he could not come more often, as he had so many patients at headquarters." Here Cheriton paused for a few seconds; then continued in a voice betraying more and more excitement at every word.

"Picture to yourselves a dirty room in this fort, constructed of mud and stones; no window to let the daylight in, but simply a hole in the wall; the place black with flies, the heat stifling." The bridge players began to catch the contagion of curiosity, and paused in their game. The guest continued: "In the corner an Indian bamboo bed, covered with a pile of blankets, on which lay the sick man, by whose side sat the subaltern; the only other things in the room being a box, on which was a bottle serving as a candlestick, a pile of condensed milk tins, also two or three earthenware 'chatties' containing water. The sick captain was delirious, groaning and muttering as he tossed upon his bed. To the watching subaltern these utterances conveyed nothing, till one day he heard his wife's name, when by listening intently he gathered the whole pitiful story. Bit by bit, in disjointed sentences, interspersed with unintelligible moanings, the truth was brought home to him and seared into his brain. His wife's temptation; how she withstood it for awhile, till at last, overcome by the fascinations of the captain, she fell; their secret love-making; the old story of the hills—the husband broiling in the awful summer heat of the Indian plains, the wife and her lover, his trusted friend, in the cool of a hill station. When at last he knew the whole truth of those two years of shame, he was filled with one desire—an adequate revenge. He had been a blind fool, but now he became a devil, with a devil's heart and a devil's cunning. Do you think he struck the sick man dead?"

The guest drew a handkerchief from his pocket and mopped his brow, although it was a very cold night, and the wind sang horribly outside the barracks. He seemed to leer at his audience as he asked the question and paused for a reply. He repeated it. "Do you think he struck the sick man? Not he! He nursed him carefully, if possible more carefully than before; watched him jealously; nursed him so well that after three weeks the doctor pronounced him out of danger, saying that he would not come again unless sent for; giving directions as to how much milk should be given to the patient; also leaving a few comforts for him, such as brandy and other things."

Once again Cheriton paused, his watery blue eyes blazing with excitement, his fingers twitching nervously. The silence in the room was intense; all were interested, the Major more than all—in fact, he was gazing at his guest's face with horror in his eyes. At last, Cheriton once more took up the thread of his story, his voice being calmer than before. "Yes, it was an easy thing for the subaltern to take the revenge he had planned. The sick man had been robbed of all his strength by the disease; he could hardly move his arm, and his voice was too weak to shout for help; besides, if he had, the men would have taken no notice of it, and the subaltern did not allow the native servants in the room. If any of you had ever had enteric, you will thoroughly grasp what I am going to tell you. Your body craves for nourishment, but you receive only milk, though plenty of it; the smell of solid food makes you like a wild beast in your desire to consume it, but your weakness prevents you obtaining the food you would give your soul for."

For a few seconds Cheriton glared round the room, then suddenly burst forth again, his voice hoarse with excitement. "Yes, that was the revenge. *He starved the captain gradually.* He told him of his plan, telling him he had discovered all, gloating over his victim, and describing his plan of revenge—death by starvation. Ha! ha! you can imagine the captain's horror; he begged for mercy, prayed for forgiveness; but regrets and entreaties were all in vain, his appeals for mercy were met with scornful mockery and hideous threats." Here his voice grew shriller and shriller, his words were hissed from between his teeth, his eyes flashed with hate, and his body swayed with emotion. "At first he gave him a little milk to prolong the agony, gradually decreasing the amount till it dwindled to almost nothing. If the

(Continued on page 498)

Photo *Passano*

MISS LILLIAN DIGGES

Who is cleverly playing the part of Julia's maid—in its way quite a character-sketch—in *The Belle of Mayfair* at the Vaudeville

(Continued from page 496)

patient grew very weak he was given a little brandy, to give him strength to bear more torture. At last the subaltern grew more cunning: he took his own meals in the sick-room, meals of tough meat, black with flies, awful filth, but they meant life to the sick man. The smell of the meat would ascend his nostrils. God! you can imagine the torture to have life so near and yet so far beyond his reach. He was too weak to shout for help, and no one ever saw him except the subaltern, who sometimes had to tie him to his bed, being frightened that his heart might cease to beat, his feeble struggles to reach the food being dreadfully grotesque in their impotence. At last the captain ceased to receive any nourishment whatever. The subaltern, however, still continued to take his meals in the sick-room, sometimes holding a piece of meat to the captain's white lips. God! how he begged for it, but was refused. God! how he struggled to reach it, but never tasted it. He clung to his life tenaciously. He was very thin when his torture first commenced, but at the end he was a mere skeleton—nothing more than a bag of skin and bones. But he died too soon; he deserved more torture; the punishment was not adequate, for one day his heart ceased to beat in his struggles to reach the food—his salvation. The subaltern was furious, promising himself that one day he would find him again to continue the torture; but as he could not torture a corpse, he buried the bag of bones, telling the doctor afterwards that the captain had died suddenly during the night. The doctor was satisfied with the explanation, saying that it had evidently been due to a clot of blood on the brain. So no one ever knew."

Mr. Cheriton ceased the story with a jerk, and looked round the room, his body quivering with excitement. "What became of the wife?" asked the youthful subaltern. The thought had suddenly struck him that his own father had died in a mysterious way on the frontier when Clinton was himself a child, and that he, himself, had never known a mother's love and care.

"The wife? The wife? Well, I suppose she got her deserts; all I know is she and her husband never met again, but he told her. Ha! ha!"

"What a cad the man was," said the subaltern, as he looked Cheriton straight in the eyes, for the man before him seemed to be the link which was gradually drawing all his dim youthful memories together. "What an unspeakable, hellish fiend!"

Cheriton smiled blandly at the youth, who, unable to contain himself longer, sprang to his feet. His movement caused the page of the album, which was poised in the air, to drop over, its weight bringing with it another, yet another, and another, until the book rested on the sofa divided equally in the middle. The open leaves showed two portraits of men in the old uniform of the regiment, one a photograph of a strikingly handsome man, who was a speaking likeness of young Clinton himself.

The Major, catching sight of this portrait, uttered a gasp of astonishment at the coincidence, and was rising from his seat when Cheriton and Clinton followed the Major's glance and simultaneously caught sight of the portrait. On seeing it, Cheriton's glass fell from his nervous fingers, and smashed to atoms in the fender.

Suddenly Cheriton made a movement. Fixing a glance of indescribable hatred on the young fellow before him, he stretched out his hands to grip him.

"You devil," he hissed, "so we've met again, and I will torture you once more. I am coming for you, and——"

Then the excited company realised what had happened. The album had disclosed the portrait of Clinton's father, and a glance at it had loosened the flood-gates of Cheriton's memory, so that, on seeing the face and figure of young Clinton before him, all the old passion, the lust for revenge that had been his when at the bedside of the friend who had dishonoured him, returned. To do it again—unto seventy times seven—that had been his vow, and now, with the life-like figure of the hated man before him, he thirsted again to satiate himself.

But it was not to be. Clinton, too, had seen and realised the situation. He, too, had a revenge to satisfy, a revenge for the misery of his parentless childhood which, he now realised, was the work of the unspeakable fiend before him. Before Cheriton's attempt had taken effect. Clinton had struck him, a huddled heap to the floor, and the flood-gates of that hateful memory closed never again to be opened.

F. Viveash.

Princess Ena's Journey to Spain: A view in the Pyrenees

Prominent Pictures in the Paris Salon

"THE MAHARAJAH DE KAPURTHALA"

A portrait by Theo. Chartran, one of the most successful of portrait painters, who is now being bombarded by Americans offering enormous fees for sittings

Prominent Pictures in the Paris Salon

"JENA, OCTOBER 14, 1806"

A striking picture by M. Chartier, the successful painter of battle scenes, of the momentous conflict, the hundredth anniversary of which will soon be celebrated

"UNE SCENE AU BAIN"

A very pleasing example of Mr. R. Bunny's work, which has been very well noticed in the *Salon* for the last three years

Prominent Pictures in the Paris Salon

"SOIR D'ÉTÉ"

A picturesque study of the nude by Lionel Wa'den, an artist whose work is well known in Paris and America

"CAFÉ DE NUIT"

A familiar scene of Paris life depicted by the American artist, Mr. R. Miller, whose work has proved very popular in America and in Paris

THE LIBRARY

Books to order this Week.

Miscellaneous

"Woman and the Motor-Car." By Mrs. Aria. (Appleton: 10s. 6d net.)
"The Cities of Spain." By Edward Hutton. (Methuen: 7s. 6d. net.)
"Fire and Sword in the Caucasus." By Luigi Villari. (Fisher Unwin: 10s. 6d.)

Fiction

"The New Robinson Crusoe." By Barry Pain. (Hodder and Stoughton: 1s.)
"King Peter." By Dion Clayton Calthrop. (Duckworth: 6s.)
"Eight Dramas of Calderon." By Edward Fitzgerald. (Macmillan: 4s. net.)

The Author with His Own World

Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop is one of those fortunate authors who has his own world, and that, next to having one's own motor, or balloon, or pleasure barge, is quite one of the most useful things a fortunate author can have. If you have your own world — and Mr. Calthrop's world is one of mixed mythology, strange beasts, strange kings and queens and courtiers, and strange children, about whom he writes in a style of strange strangeness—you can dismiss your critic, who only sees things from *his* world, as a clumsy interloper. For instance, here is *King Peter* (Duckworth: 6s.), a story of a little kingdom. It opens with the birth of a boy to the Queen, and the death of the Queen. The King, her husband, is so mad with the little one whose arrival has taken from him his wife, that "there welled up into his heart a hatred of this red morsel of life that had robbed him of his heart's desire," and he cursed his God and vowed he would "play God too, and rob men of their wives, and bring sorrow and misery on my little kingdom, as you on yours." Well and good and admirable, and promising a nice, wicked story, in which we look forward to a bath of blood. But we do not bathe. After a meagre little affair with a Seneschal's wife—a bit of villainy in the early Henry VIII. manner—Mr. Calthrop kills off his interesting king, just as his rascality was beginning to acquire a finger technique and phrasing, transfers the story to the child, in whom, our craving for the maturer personality of his father having been fully aroused, it is quite difficult to take equal interest. I could wish that authors whose fell intent it is to write books about the eternal "che-hild," would not tantalise one by opening with its parents. If the infant is to be the theme, let us have the bottle-and-bib business at the start. But, here, I quite see I am making myself irrelevant.

Photo *Booker & Sullivan*

Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop

The versatile writer of stories and sketches and histories and other things of fact, fancy, and curiosity, of which "King Peter" is the latest (Duckworth 6s.)

As said before, Mr. Calthrop is a writer who has his own world, and any inclination on my part to clear up an obscurity by asking "why" is doomed to be answered by a prompt "why not?" Of the writing of *King Peter*, suffice it to say it is worthy of the author of the "Guide to Fairyland" and those other fantastic sketches and studies which have given Mr. Calthrop so enviable a position in so short a time.

A New Crusoe

The funniest thing about Mr. Barry Pain's very funny *Return of Robinson Crusoe* (Hodder and Stoughton: 1s.) is that it is not funnier. For, of course, the idea of making old Robinson discover the island of England, and his experiences of its ways related in a parody of his own ponderous style, illuminated with snippets of the Crusoe philosophy, should have made the old country rock for months. It should have been the talk of the town, and, finally, have gone down to posterity with such force that the "Robinson Crusoe" known to our great-grandchildren should be the side-splitting Robinson of Mr. Pain, not Defoe's old dullard, in his obvious old desert island. But Mr. Pain has elected to shirk his duty, and, instead, he has just brought a sort of Robinson, clad in the borrowed clothes of a bather, up to London, travelling under the seat of one of some "cabins on wheels somewhat after the manner of caravans . . . . fastened together by chains"—otherwise, a railway carriage—and having got him to town, making him undergo miscellaneous adventures. Residing first in an empty house in Fulham, and later on in a thicket in Regent's Park, in which he is reminded of home by the roars of the neighbouring Zoo, he "does" London. He shoots motorists and drinks out of other people's milk-cans, and hunts sheep in Regent's Park, and philosophises on a Bank Holiday at Hampstead, keeps his usual diary, and his notches on a stick, and, finally, describes a Test

match as he understood it from an account in a sporting paper, which is the most magnificent bit of jargon I have ever read. Mr. Pain's Crusoe has a pantomime-comic's knowledge of the up-to-date world, and I recommend everybody who loves a laugh to make his acquaintance.

For "Motorettes"

Still they come—motor-books, I mean. This week, however, a newer, a fresher note, the personal, the frivolous view of the velocipede as taken in *Woman and the Motor-Car*, by Mrs. Aria (Appleton; 10*s.* 6*d.* net). Woman, of course, is affected by the motor in a variety of ways quite undreamed of in male philosophy, for, see, it has revolutionised a hundred things feminine — love, friendship, social goings-on, dress, toilet, and the complexion, to mention but a few of them — and, therefore, there is room and to spare for a volume which treats of it philosophically. Mrs. Aria has a frank, light, and intimate style, and an eye for anecdote, combined with a technical knowledge wholly admirable for one of her gender. "Motorettes" (why not, if "suffragettes" be endured?) will find it as useful as it is amusing. I complained lately of the absence of books taking the more philosophical view of the motor. Mrs. Aria's work (Mrs. Aria, by the way, is a sister of the novelist, "Frank Danby," who is, just now, carrying on quite a Corellian campaign against the critics over "The Sphinx's Lawyer") is not exactly the "Sartor Resartus" of motoring I cried out for lately, but it is sufficiently out of the ruck to be regarded as a step in the right direction.

Mrs. Aria

Whose book, "Woman and the Motor-Car," is a delightful contribution to the literature of the car

"Balkans!"

Some years ago, at the conferences which take place daily to consider the morrow's make-up of our leading halfpenny newspaper, a great delight of the staff was the way in which the chief proprietor used to convey to them that the eternal rebellion in Macedonia must be given its usual place. He just uttered the word "Balkans," in a metallic, despondent tone, as though it had been "*kismet*," and it was a good sound for sore ears to hear. Well, I feel inclined to utter that self-same word, weekly, in the same accents, for scarce a week but brings me (in addition to about half a dozen books by Lucas Cleeve) something about the troubles in Turkey. Duty calls, however, and, therefore, let me pronounce on the latest that reaches me. *Pictures from the Balkans*, by John Foster Fraser (Cassell), is the journalist's view of the matter. It is short, snappy, and readable. Mr. Fraser is about the very best journalist travel-writer there is. He tells you just the thing you want to know, without a surfeit of verbiage; he is pointed and suggestive, and never dull. As the Balkans are a political question always with us, the book would give suitable occupation in spare time (evenings) for either sex, and is heartily to be recommended.

Classifying "Mr. Punch"

"Mr. Punch" is the British Museum of Humour, and so vast is the size of his collection in the sixty odd years that he has been merrily in vogue, that the time has come to sort out and classify his jokes. This is being done by "Carmelite House," in arrangement with the proprietors of *Punch*. Under the editorship of Mr. J. A. Hammerton (well known to BYSTANDER readers), a series of books is being issued, taking "Mr. Punch" in his various moods. Thus, I have received *Mr. Punch's Railway Book*, *Mr. Punch on the Continong*, and *Mr. Punch at the Seaside*, which contain the gems of our contemporary's jokes on each of those subjects up to date. It is significant to note that the railway has been providing jests for *Punch* now for nearly sixty years, for the selection ranges from the earliest gibes at "Puffing Billy" down to the latest "Tube" witticism. As to *Mr. Punch on the Continong* and *Mr. Punch at the Seaside*, it is doleful to think that generations have come and gone, and yet our old friend 'Arry, the tripper, and his prototype of the moneyed or aristocratic classes, shows no sign of improvement where the foreigner is concerned. 'Arry is so essentially a feature of "Mr. Punch's" humour, that I am inclined to suspect that he first came to light in his pages, and that "Mr. Punch" is to be held responsible for the existence of the British tourist who has wrought such evil in our friendly relations with other Powers. Lastly — a reflection. The *Punch* books convince me more than ever of the immense improvement that has taken place in the British joke since *Punch* first took it in hand, though I cannot refrain from noting that the jokes our grandfathers were hurling at the earliest railway trains are identical with those now being hurled at motor-cars. Both have been dubbed "the Juggernaut," and both have survived the gibe.

In Brief

The Evasion, by E. B. Frothingham, is a story of Society in Boston, Mass., but no words of mine could hope to give such an impression of its quality as is suggested by the name of the author.

A revival of the novel with a purpose is the probable result of the success of Mr. Sinclair's *The Jungle* in attracting the attention of President Roosevelt to the evils of labour-life in Packingtown. A brisk run on purposes is, I understand, already noted in novel-writing circles.

VIVIAN CARTER.

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP

"Place aux Jeunes"

This year's Amateur Championship has been indeed a surprise packet, not so much in the fact that Mr. James Robb has secured the coveted honour as in the extraordinary number of unexpected results throughout the various ties. Mr. Robb, though still short of thirty, has been so long before the public, and has gone so near winning on several previous occasions, that we are in the habit of looking upon him as something of a veteran. So long ago as 1897 he won his way into the final at Muirfield, when he succumbed to the late Mr Allan. Mr. Robb was then but nineteen, and his victor but a few years more, so that, although the former is in the full flush of his youth, he has in point of play had a long and varied experience. But after the severe towelling that he received from Mr. Mitchell in the International match, most people discounted his chances, especially when it was seen that by the draw he must meet the formidable favourite, Mr. Graham, on Wednesday if, as happened, both survived till then. Mr. Robb is a bad man to leave out of one's calculations when an Amateur Championship is on, as I have found out to my cost, for he ousted my favourite selection from the competition just when things seemed to be shaping themselves properly and comfortably for Mr. Graham.

Mr. C. C. Lingen

Who unsuccessfully contested the final in the Amateur Championship with Robb. Mr. Lingen is one of the three splendid players from the Sunningdale Club who fought their way into the semi-final, the others being Mr. Colt and Mr. Smirke

"Peccavi!"

So, as I feared, I have to don the white sheet and cry "*Peccavi!*" once more. After the experience of this year's tournament, I shall leave prophecy severely alone, and I doubt whether anyone who watched the amazing results of some of the matches would be tempted to assume the thoroughly discredited rôle of prophet. I shall not attempt any detailed description of the various matches, but will confine myself to a general survey of the meeting, and to an attempt to extract the moral of it. Before entering upon that dangerous and debatable ground, let me say that the Hoylake course was in magnificent condition, that the arrangements for the competition were admirably managed by the committee of the Royal Liverpool Golf Club, and carried out with the smoothness, courtesy, and ease for which Mr. Janion, the secretary, is so justly famous. It is always a pleasure to come to a big meeting at Hoylake, for committee, secretary, and members, always work in perfect unison to ensure the success of the competition and the comfort of all those engaged in it. One thing alone it is not in their power to command, and this one uncontrollable element, the weather, made itself just as disagreeable as possible, especially on the Wednesday and Friday.

A Treacherous Wind

The wind, which alone prevents golf becoming, in these days, the monotonous and mathematical certainty which the professionals might otherwise make of it, was even more variable and inconstant than it usually is at Hoylake. Players had no sooner got accustomed to one sort of wind than it changed round the next day and presented them with an entirely fresh and complex problem, each hole becoming entirely different to what it had been the previous day. Under such varying conditions of wind, one would have thought that the local players would have had the best chance, but one by one the favourite Liverpool men were ousted, the strongest survivor, Mr. Graham, being laid low, with the few fellow-clubmen still left, on Wednesday afternoon.

Disappointing Play

I regret to have to express an unfavourable opinion of the amateur play seen throughout this Championship, but I should be blinking a fact which I think was patent to most observers if I failed to say that the standard of play this year fell very far below

that of any previous year. I do not think that I can honestly say that I saw any consistent first-class play in any of the matches that I watched. Unfortunately, I missed the great struggle between Mr. John Ball and Mr. Dalziel, and I should say that alone in that match was there displayed that form on both sides which we are accustomed to expect from the best amateurs. Even in the best match that I saw—that between Mr. Graham and Mr. Robb—neither man played consistently up to his proper form. Mr. Graham made many brilliant shots, but the extraordinary combination of length and accuracy for which he is famous seems (temporarily, I trust) to have deserted him. He was pushing and hooking his tee shots in a manner quite foreign to his usual style, and I fancy that a long period of faulty wooden club play has robbed him for the moment of his confidence. This does not, however, detract from Mr. Robb's merit in winning the hard-fought match with Mr. Graham, on the result of which the issue of the Championship virtually depended.

The Crisis

If I were asked to put my finger on the spot at which this year's Amateur Championship was won, I should unhesitatingly point to the fourteenth hole in the Robb-Graham match, where Mr. Robb, then one down, snatched a miraculous half by a long steal on the green when playing the two more, Mr. Graham failing at a very short putt. It is horribly disconcerting to fail to win a hole which all through, from tee to putting green, has seemed a virtual certainty, and from the shock of this disappointment Mr. Graham never recovered.

Some Products of Sunningdale

Mr. Lingen, who disputed supremacy with Mr. Robb in the final, is a pure product of the Sunningdale links, and it speaks volumes for the excellence of that course that three out of the five players who entered from the Sunningdale Club, viz., Mr. Lingen, Mr. Colt, and Mr. Smirke, fought their way into the semi-final, and thus secured three out of the four medals awarded. Mr. Lingen's best game was played against Mr. de Zoete, in the first tie on the Monday. I was then most favourably impressed with his resolute, business-like, and finished style, but I never saw him produce the same consistent game again. He has the regular modern right-leg style, gets down very low to his ball, and drives a long, very low ball, with lots of run on it. His best shot at present is a pitch and run up to the hole from any spot a little way off the putting green, for any distance up to thirty or forty yards. Beyond that distance he does not seem yet to have mastered the St. Andrews' run up, of which Mr. Robb is such an admirable exponent. Mr. Lingen did not do himself justice in the final, but one must make allowance for the strain of a week's hard play, and for the fact that one of his hands, the left, was very sore.

The Final

The final was a ludicrous display of golf all through, each player in turn seeming to chuck the Championship at the other, each resolutely refusing the offer, and any result being possible at any moment. Mr. Robb got the comfortable present of the first four holes in the morning, and, in spite of heroic efforts on his part to squander this handsome present, his opponent absolutely refused to countenance such sinful extravagance, and left him always in possession, at the worst, of enough to live upon. When a hole is halved in nine in the final of an Amateur Championship, as was the case with the sixth hole in the afternoon round, it is almost impossible to take the golf seriously. Making all allowance for the difficulties caused by the spiteful wind blowing from the most trying quarter and for the strain of the final, it is yet

Mr. James Robb, winner of the Amateur Golf Championship at Hoylake

Mr. E. A. Smirke

Mr. Colt

Two players in the semi-final of the Championship who entered from the Sunningdale Club

impossible to characterise the play as worthy of the occasion. The crisis in each round occurred at the thirteenth hole, where Mr. Lingen missed a short putt, which, if holed, might have turned the match, more particularly on the second occasion, where he looked like bringing the odds against him down to one, and instead of doing so allowed his opponent to win the hole. Mr. Smirke merits most hearty congratulations on his great performance in defeating Mr. Hutchinson, who, when I saw him playing against Mr. Hoffmann, struck me as at the top of his form. The young Sunningdale player should have a great golfing future before him, and he and Mr. Lingen will, no doubt, have many a hard struggle for the mastery. Everyone was delighted with the success of that sterling golfer, Mr. Colt, the sound and excellent merits of whose game have at length reaped the reward which they so well deserve. I fancy that if Mr. Colt had been Mr. Robb's opponent in the final, and had been offered the chances presented to Mr. Lingen, the Scottish player would not have been so leniently treated.

The Younger Players

Of the younger players whom I saw, none made a more favourable impression on me than Mr. Spencer, who defeated Mr. Maxwell. Mr. Spencer has the makings of a great player, and if he has the opportunity, at present denied to him, of more frequent play on Championship courses, we ought to hear a great deal more of him. Mr. Laidlay repeated his performance of last year by defeating Mr. Ball, and then falling a victim to a weaker player in the next round. However, it is a fairly sound thing to defeat Mr. Ball on his own course, or any course, and Mr. Laidlay is the sort of warrior who only produces his finest sword-play when confronted with a swordsman of his own class.

An Ideal Course

The course, as I have said, was superb. Stretched to its uttermost, it afforded a most severe test of play. If the results, which happened this year, had occurred at Muirfield, everyone would have fallen foul of the course, but here this excuse was impossible, and was never once alleged. I consider it a poor and faulty excuse, whatever the course may be, and Muirfield is a vast deal better test of golf than many players imagine it to be. Mr. Fry seems, for the time, to have lost his cunning in putting. Possibly the tricky Schenectady putter has proved a dangerous ally. I should advise a return to the trusty steel putter of yore, which served him so well four years ago against Mr. Hutchings. The latter and Mr. Mure Fergusson were regrettable absentees from the scene of former triumphs.

The nett result of this Amateur Championship is to confirm me in my opinion that amateur play wants bracing up. Is not this the moment for the Royal and Ancient Club, who have not yet originated any of the great competitions, to take the lead and establish a Gentlemen *versus* Players' match? Such a fixture would do worlds of good to the amateurs, and would draw them out of the rut of mediocrity in which they are at present labouring.

Ernest Lehmann

Edited by H. S. SCRIVENER

The International Lawn-Tennis Team

The nomination of Gore and Smith with the Dohertys to represent England, if necessary, in the challenge round of the Davis International Cup competition does not appear to be a particularly wise one. It may be conceded that the selectors have probably chosen the four best men for the time being, but one cannot help feeling very uneasy as to our chances in the Doubles match should anything go wrong with either of the Dohertys. In that event the substitute would have to be either Smith or Gore, and neither of these men plays a Double game of the ordinary kind. Smith plays mainly from the base-line, and hardly does any volleying at all; Gore does a bit of both, but with the base-line game predominating. The result is that neither is really effective except with a partner who is familiar with his play. Smith's most suitable partner has hitherto been Riseley, and Gore's, Caridia. Conversely, it is pretty generally recognised that neither of the Dohertys, versatile players though they are, combines well with a player of what may be termed the unorthodox Double type, and that when they cannot play together they prefer partners who play a similar game to their own. It is, of course, quite true that there are four Singles and only one Double, and that, therefore, the first consideration should be given to the Singles; but what we want is to have a good chance, at least, of winning every match, and with that end in view, to select four men from whom an all-round team can be picked. We shall have such a team if both the Dohertys play, but if they do, Gore will not be wanted at all. The only event in which the services of the fourth man will be needed will be if one (or, of course, both) of the Dohertys should be unable to turn out, and this has not been sufficiently taken into account.

Photo *Gillman and Co.*

L. O. S. Poidevin

Captain of the Australian Lawn-Tennis Team who have entered for the Davis Cup. Mr. Poidevin is better known as a cricketer

A Better Choice Last Year

Last year, the four nominated were the Dohertys, Smith, and Riseley. This was a sound choice, because Riseley would have made a good understudy for either of the Dohertys, and that was the part which he was most likely to be called upon to play, while in the event of both the brothers being *hors de combat*, he and Smith would still have made a formidable pair, and England would still have had a chance of winning by the odd event. The same arguments hold good this year, and it is difficult, for that reason, to justify the substitution of Gore for Riseley. It may, perhaps, strengthen the team as a Singles team, but the chance that Gore will be wanted for Singles is no less remote than it was in the case of Riseley last year, and there is certainly not much doubt that Riseley would prove a better partner for either of the Dohertys or for Smith than Gore. Mr. L. O. S. Poidevin, the well-known Lancashire and Australian cricketer, is captaining the Australian team of lawn-tennis players entering for the Davis Cup. He is a hard man to "down" on the courts, for though his style is not severe, he is about the most active man I have seen, and places splendidly.

Our Tournament Announcements and Umpires' Prizes

The attention of lawn-tennis readers of THE BYSTANDER is called to the fact that we have arranged for the insertion in our advertisement columns of notices of forthcoming tournaments. Being in a position to assert without fear of contradiction that our circulation among lawn-tennis players is large, we hope that the opening of this new and easy channel for conveying to tournament players the information which they are often at some pains to acquire, will prove of use in attracting both players and "gates." The "Mass" racket,

presented by THE BYSTANDER as an umpire's prize at the Reading Tournament, was won by Mr. H. V. H. Thorne, the destination of the prize being decided by the votes of the players. Similar prizes were given at Surbiton, Chiswick Park, and the Irish Championships, and others have been accepted by most of the leading tournament committees throughout the season.

Yacht Racing and the Racing Yacht

An unusual amount of interest attaches to the yacht-racing season, which has recently commenced, in view of the fact that it will probably mark the commencement of a new era in the history of the sport. There are indications that the days of the racing yacht pure and simple—the yacht which is designed and built solely for the purpose of racing—are numbered, and that those who contend (not without some show of reason) that the racing yacht pure and simple has been the bane of yacht racing are to be given a chance of proving their proposition. In the early days of yachting, the primary object of an owner was to have a boat on which he might live in comfort and cruise about, and racing was merely an adjunct of the pastime. But as time went on and the keenness for racing increased, yachts were built for the sole purpose of winning races, and everything, including comfort and seaworthiness, was sacrificed to speed. The racing yacht, as distinct from the cruiser, became an institution, and a very costly one, because it soon transpired that the owner who could afford to spend the most money in experimenting with new types and improving upon old ones would be the most successful. It also became apparent that building for mere speed would soon lead to the evolution of an undesirable type of vessel, capable of great pace on comparatively smooth and sheltered waters, but very unsafe, and wholly unfit to go to sea, or to serve as a comfortable dwelling-place (even in harbour) for her owner and crew. And, indeed, this is what in fact happened.

Photo *A. Debenham*

"Nyria"

Mr. Robert Young's new cruiser-yacht, which, though a racer, is also an ideal pleasure yacht, built up to Lloyd's requirements

Speed Machines

The danger with which the sport was threatened was fully recognised, and efforts were made from time to time to do away by legislation with its costliness and unreality. The earlier rating rules, devised to produce a good wholesome type of yacht, were defeated by the ingenuity of the yacht-designer, and the result nearly always was that the most successful boat, under whatever rating rule was in force for the time being, was a racer of the extreme

Photo] "White Heather" [*W. U. Kirk*

An up-to-date yacht, which is being watched with much interest this season owing to the fact that it combines the attributes of the cruiser and the racer

type. Even in those years when the sport appeared to be booming, and we had such a fine fleet of racers, with *Britannia*, King Edward's famous cutter, at their head, the boats, though splendid specimens of the designer's and builder's art, were racers pure and simple, very expensive to build and keep up, and of little use for anything but racing. And the boom did not last long.

The Rise of the Fast Cruiser

But in 1901 there was a marked change. An alteration in the existing linear rating rule (which had encouraged boats of shallow draught and broad beam) rendered it possible to build boats of a deep and roomy type, and race them with a fair measure of success and enjoyment, since their design was compatible both with speed and comfort. This led to the introduction of what is known as the fast-cruiser type—the beginning of the revolution which is, perhaps, destined to lead to the ultimate disappearance of the racing yacht as such. For these boats differ from the racers in one respect only—the strength of their construction. In design they are copies of the fastest racers, but being constructed for cruising purposes as well as racing, and to serve as comfortable and safe homes for their owners, they are solidly built to Lloyd's highest class, and are, in fact, real ships. The racers, on the other hand, since the rule itself makes no restrictions in this respect, are still built in the very lightest possible manner consistent with the work which they have to perform, and are still to that extent mere racing machines, although as regards their actual design they are wholesome boats enough. It follows from this that the cruisers are unable to compete on equal terms with the racers, for the latter, owing to their lighter build, are bound to win, and the sphere of the cruiser's activity has consequently been limited hitherto to the handicap matches—a form of racing which can never yield as good sport as class racing.

Photo *Bowden Bros.*

C. B. Fry

Who sprained his ankle in a match at Lord's, and is thereby prevented from playing for two months

The Racer of the Future

The present season will probably show whether the *rapprochement*, begun in 1901, between the racer and the fast cruiser cannot be made more complete. Since the only difference between a racer and a cruiser is to be found in the strength and weight of their hulls, the idea is that legislation should go one step further and embrace construction as well as design. In other words, the suggestion, which is already in a fair way towards permanent adoption, is that lightness of construction, if carried beyond a certain point, shall be penalised, and that boats whose hull-weight does not bear a certain proportion to their size are to allow time upon a fixed scale to those whose hull-weight comes up to the required standard of strength. As examples of the fast-cruiser type, we have those fine vessels, *Brynhild* and *Valdora*, whose substantial build has alone prevented them from competing on favourable terms with the out-and-out racers like *Kariad* or *Sybarite*. They, unfortunately, will not be fitted out this season; but *White Heather*, an even more up-to-date specimen of the type, not only because she is of composite construction (whereas *Brynhild* and *Valdora* are wooden ships), but also because she is of later and more speedy design, is again entering the lists, and should do even better this year under cutter rig than she did last year as a yawl.

Mr. Young's Experiment

But perhaps the most significant sign is to be read in the fact that Mr. Robert Young has had his new boat *Nyria*, though ostensibly a racer, built up to Lloyd's highest requirements, and that he has obviously done so in the hope, if not in the firm belief, that this is the type of racing yacht which will ultimately prevail. He will have to race her against the lighter champions of past seasons, but she will receive some allowance for her extra weight, which, if she is a good boat in other respects, will enable her to hold her own with them; and he will enjoy the additional advantage of having a boat on which he can live and cruise in comfort, and one which will not have to be cast aside like an old shoe when her racing career is done. The doings of this boat and of *White Heather* during the present season will, therefore, be followed with interest; and if the penalty imposed upon extreme lightness is sufficient to give the more solid contingent a chance, owners will inevitably decide that it is better to have a boat which combines the attributes of a cruiser and a racer than one which is a mere speed machine. Thus, in process of time, the racer pure and simple will cease to exist, while the sport itself will become more real, probably less expensive, and certainly more attractive to the true enthusiast.

Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

Man's Colour-Blindness

In an evening contemporary I was amused to read views diametrically opposed to those I have been permitted to ventilate here once or twice respecting the supremacy of women as connoisseurs of what constitutes good style in dress.

The assertion would be aggravating were it not so utterly absurd, that a woman's love of detail entirely precludes any capacity for judging a general effect. Now, as a matter of fact, the cap, according to my observation, fits the other head. And it is the man's terrible and overweaning respect for decorative detail that is so seriously handicapping the majority of our big London houses.

As to men being better judges of colour, it is an incontrovertible fact that the average male eye is frequently incapable of distinguishing blue from green, mauve from blue, or yellow from pink. Of course, I have always readily admitted there are exceptions, but speaking generally, as does the writer in the contemporary already alluded to, I still maintain that women dress other women far more satisfactorily than do the opposite sex.

As to the suggestion that wives and sisters should be advised to frequently consult with their male relatives ere selecting an outfit, that is a beautiful bubble delusion, very quickly dispelled by the said males, who either protest emphatically against the extravagance of spending any money at all on clothes or else dismiss the momentous question with an airy indifference. And what woman, by the way, has not experienced the rebuff offered in response to a tentative desire to know if some new purchase pleases a lord and master, couched in terms as, "Oh, is that

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DRAWN BY K. PLEYDEL YOUNG

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a new dress you have got on? I do not see much difference to the other." Useful sort of an opinion that is to rely upon! While anything more bewilderingly out of place than a reluctant father or husband among mantles and millinery we need not wish to see.

Nine times out of ten, the first remark the victim will make, on emerging from the sacrifice, bears on the figure or face of the attendant. *Et voila!*

Conflicting Decrees

On the one hand, we have the Princesse making steady inroad into favour; while on the other, there comes the order of the Directoire, evinced in rather clinging skirts and a waist-line carried above the recognised position—although not to the extreme of the Empire—and little coatees frequently differing in material from the skirt. Thus, if the latter is of lace, the former will be silk or brocade; while a velvet coatee or corsage accompanies a skirt of Oriental satin. As a matter of fact, the Directoire has been pending for some long time, but we have failed to recognise it other than as Empire, which it resembles in some respect. But the recent Courts have settled the matter, for the Directoire outline was conspicuously in evidence there, and was pronounced by one and all as of charming character.

A Feather Furore

The modern manipulation of the ostrich feather is something to marvel over, nor little less remarkable is the massed applications thereof. The effect in the wind, however, of these feathery forests is frequently most extraordinary, and, saving only they are wound round a low crown in sinuous fashion, the ends falling over the hair at the back, it is usual to pile them one over the other. In this latter case, the actual hat shape is a mere incident, more often than not a species of turban, narrow or round, according to taste or desire. A scheme of colour, quite indescribably beautiful, was a blend composed of a curious subdued shade of Watteau blue and grey, a veritable mountain of feathers, tumbling in clever studied disarray over the back of a regular round turban of silver-grey straw, the brim faced up with blue velvet.

Glorious effects, also, are arrived at by means of shaded Paradise plumes. One of these still insistent millinery adjuncts, shaded through all the gradations of a tongue of flame, an admixture of reds and yellows, that resolved at the root of the feather to a curious greenish brown. On a white or tinted straw hat, simply draped with tulle, one of these flame Paradise plumes makes, as may be imagined, a highly telling sparkle of colour.

Foremost among flower adornments stands the peony. This, in theatrical parlance, has caught on incontinently, and akin to all its contemporaries is produced with a faithful exactitude to nature. Huge single poppies also, dyed to strange unconventional colourings, form a feature on some of the exclusive *chapeaux*, while hopes point encouragingly to dyed wheat-ears and barley, large clusters of these taking the place of the Brobdingnagian osprey on the coarse rustic straw and *lingerie* models.

A Cloth and Silk Elegance

The Princesse is of the finest, most *souple* cloth, in a shade of grey, so delicate as to be almost white in some lights, while the short coatee is of *nattier* green silk, trimmed with embroidery in pompadour colourings, the stole ends in front finishing with a long silk fringe. A charming old-world coaching hat is worn with this costume, a scheme of pale grey and white, merely relieved by a small metallic green feather mount.

THE MENU

SOME DAINTY DISHES FOR SPRING-TIME

Broiled Mullet
Galantine of Lamb
Egg Coquilles Tomatoes and Tongue
Asparagus Salad

Broiled Mullet

Wipe each fish and lay it on a sheet of oiled writing-paper, sprinkle pepper, salt, a little lemon-juice, and chopped parsley on the fish. Fold the paper over and broil the fish on a gridiron; before serving, take off the paper and pour the following sauce over: Fry in a little butter two shallots minced very finely, then add half a gill of white wine and five or six mushrooms chopped small, a little gravy will be an improvement; simmer together for a quarter of an hour, skim off the fat, stir in a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, and pour over the fish.

Galantine of Lamb

Remove all the bones from a breast of lamb, and with a rolling-pin batten it out as flat as possible, trim off nearly all the fat, sprinkle with finely chopped mint, pepper, and salt. Have ready three lambs' tongues cut into three lengthwise from root to tip, some slices of lean ham, a few pistachio kernels, and a very few spring onions, chopped fine. Lay the tongues on the lamb with the other ingredients, roll up the meat, sew up the ends, and secure with string or tape into a long roll. Flour thickly, roll up in a cloth. At the bottom of a pan, arrange the bones of the lamb, trimmings of tongues, with a bouquet of herbs; place the roll on these, cover with hot water or stock, bring to the boil, and simmer very gently for three hours and a half. Take up, place on a board, and put another board on the top with weights on it. When cold, after removing the cloth, etc., cover with aspic jelly, and garnish to taste.

Egg Coquilles

Butter the inside of some china soufflé cases, put a tablespoonful of prepared and seasoned spinach in each, upon this put about a dessertspoonful of cream. Break a fresh egg in each, season with pepper and salt, place the cases in a moderate oven and bake for eight minutes. Dish up and serve quickly.

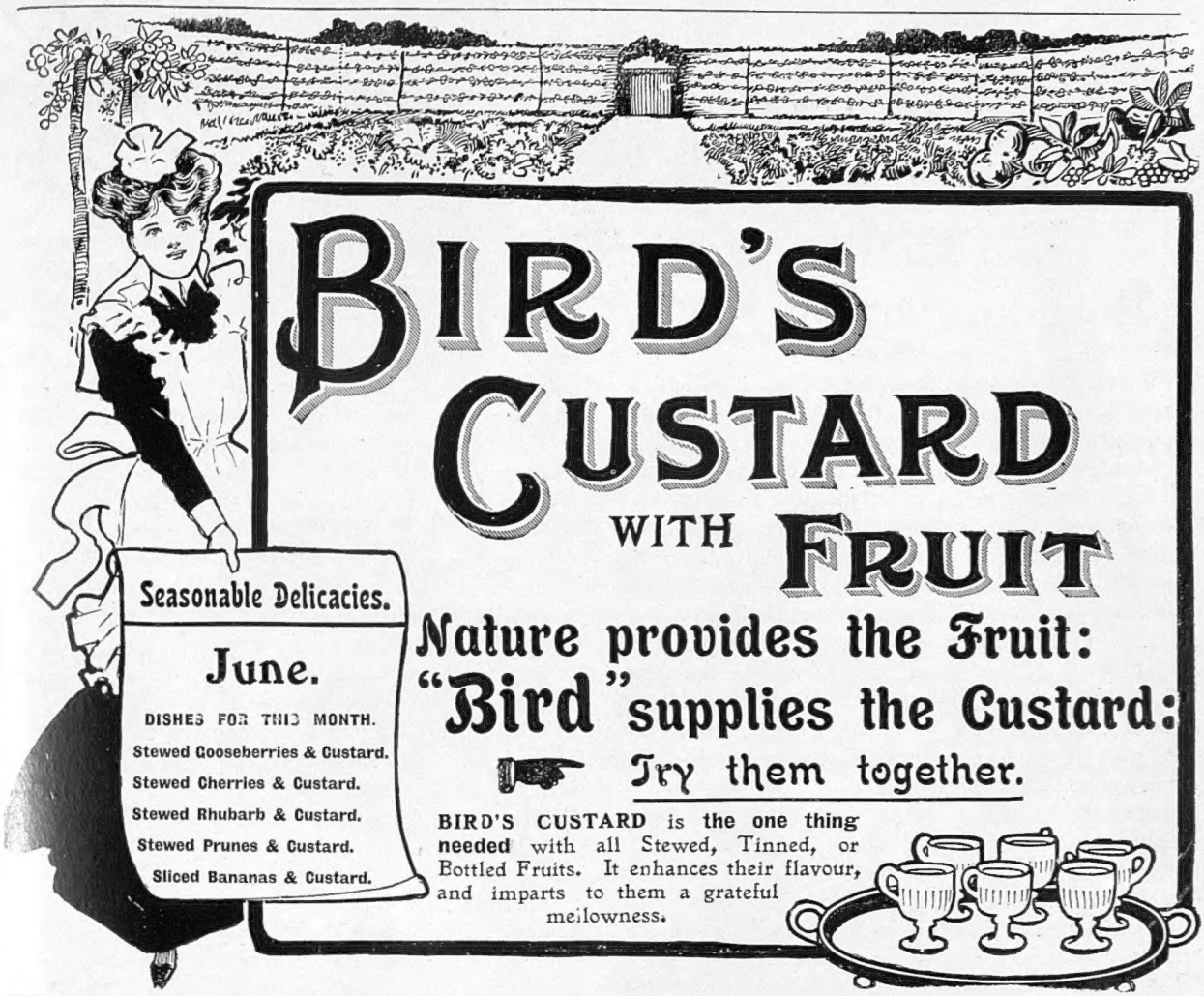
Tomatoes and Tongue

Choose tomatoes of an even size and perfectly ripe, also nice slices of cold tongue, which must be rather larger than the tomatoes. Hollow out as much as possible of the soft centre parts of the tomatoes, remove the seeds, and mix the pulp with an equal quantity of stiff mayonnaise. To this, add finely chopped cucumber and lettuce in equal parts. Fill the tomatoes with the mixture and put it in a cool place for two hours. For serving, put each piece of tongue on a dish, scatter chopped parsley and yolk of hard-boiled egg round the edges, and on it a tomato.

Asparagus Salad

Boil some asparagus, and let it get quite cold. Just before serving, mix well together two tablespoonfuls of best salad oil, a teaspoonful each of lemon-juice and tarragon vinegar, a little pepper and salt and a pinch of sugar. Pour this over the asparagus and serve.

EMILIA.



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June.

DISHES FOR THIS MONTH.

Stewed Gooseberries & Custard.
Stewed Cherries & Custard.
Stewed Rhubarb & Custard.
Stewed Prunes & Custard.
Sliced Bananas & Custard.

Nature provides the Fruit: "Bird" supplies the Custard:

☞ Try them together.

BIRD'S CUSTARD is **the one thing needed** with all Stewed, Tinned, or Bottled Fruits. It enhances their flavour, and imparts to them a grateful mellowness.

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Automobile Topics.

Edited by DOUGLAS MILLER

Motor Boating

There are three forms of automobilism which on close acquaintance appear to possess almost equal powers of fascination. They are: touring on a high-powered, well-appointed, modern motor-car; making an aerial trip in a motor-driven dirigible air-ship; and marine motoring. With each of these methods of locomotion I am fairly familiar, and although in the case of aerial travel experimental facilities are at present somewhat restricted, I hope before long to be able to record in THE BYSTANDER some impressions of a trip to be made under the ægis of the Aero Club. Meanwhile, the fact that the motor has already asserted its pretensions in the air, on land, and in the sea, may be cited as evidence of the steady advance of automobilism in the domains of sport and utility. Next to the delight of soaring heavenward, far above all mundane considerations and cares, it has always seemed to me that motor boating affords attractions superior to all other forms of sport, with, perhaps, an exception in favour of high-speed motor racing on *terra firma*; and it is, therefore, with peculiar pleasure that I draw attention to the joint meeting of the British Motor-Boat Club and the Liverpool Bay Yacht Club, to be held on the Mersey on Friday and Saturday, June 8 and 9. Racing 40-footers and 30-footers will be catered for on both days, and there are also a number of events open to small cruisers and yacht tenders. On the Saturday, the B.M.B. Club's Cup for racers over the flying mile will be the chief attraction, and excellent arrangements have been made for the comfort and convenience of intending spectators. A special saloon steamer will leave the Liverpool landing-stage at 10.45 a.m. and 1 p.m. on both days, luncheon and refreshments being procurable on board. Tickets may be obtained from the Secretary of the Liverpool Bay Yacht Club, New Ferry, Cheshire; or from Mr. R. B. Robinson, Secretary of the B.M.B.C., Craven Hotel, Charing Cross, London.

* * *

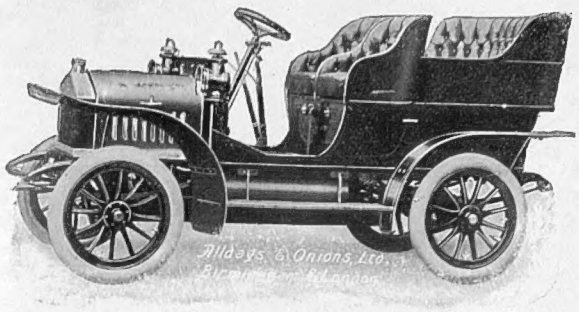
Wrestling with the Waves

That marine motoring is not devoid of excitement has once again been demonstrated by the remarkable experience of the crew of *Napier Major* on her present trip round the British coast. The little

Photo *Jakeman and Carver, Hereford*

Herefordshire Automobile Club

Officials and cars assembled at the foot of Froome Hill, Hereford



This identical Alldays Car (Price 230 Gns.) without any alteration to gearing or any parts whatever, tied for

FIRST PRIZE at

WELBECK May 5th, 1906,

For the **WILSON CUP,**

against Cars costing upwards of £1,200.

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ALLDAYS CARS

10 H.-P. DOUBLE CYLINDERS

FIRST AND SECOND

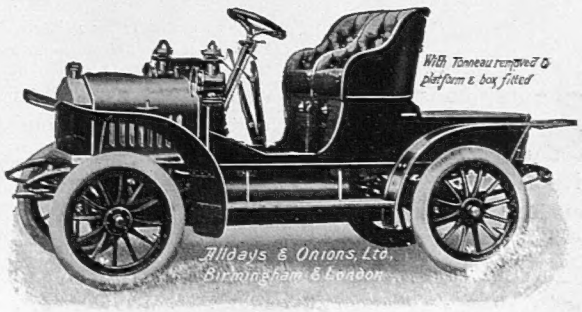
AT

FROOME HILL CLIMB

May 24th, 1906,

Out of 67 Competitors, comprising all the best-known Cars of British and Foreign Make.

Best Hill Climber for H.P. in the world.



Officially observed to carry seven passengers up Froome Hill, without a stop or hitch of any kind.

Size of Cylinders, $3\frac{3}{4}$ in. bore, $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. stroke. (Price of Winning Car, 220 Guineas).

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

ALLDAYS and Onions, Birmingham, and 20, Bucklersbury, London, E.C.

Hereford hill climb

General view of competing cars

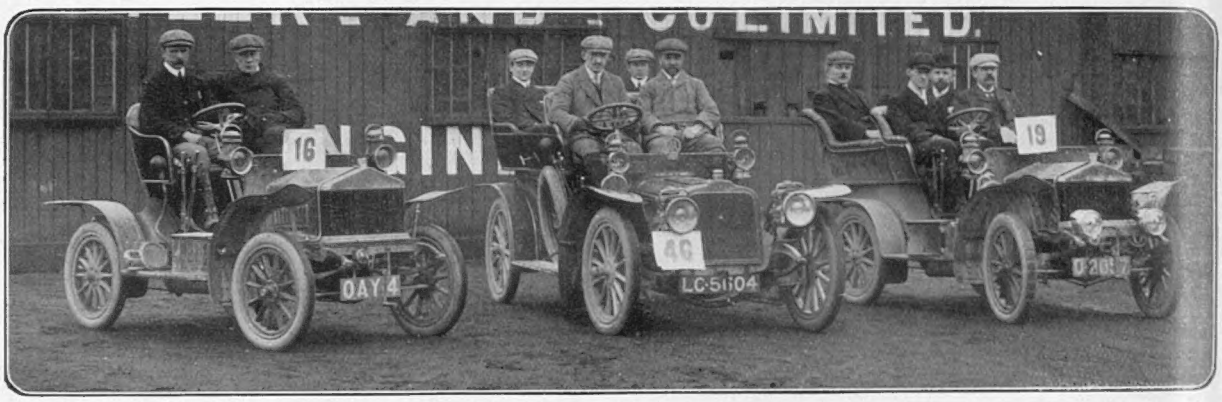
45-ft. 9-ton yacht came in for some terrific buffetings at the instance of Father Neptune, which severely tried the staunchness of the craft, the skill and hardihood of her crew, and the reliability of her 24 h.-p. petrol Napier engine. I have been favoured with a graphic account of the cruise, written by a member of *Napier Major's* crew, who modestly obscures his identity under the pen name of "Lancelot Salkeld." The departure of *Napier Major* from London was made on May 6, her orders being to circumnavigate the coasts of England and Scotland, by way of Inverness, the Caledonian Canal, Liverpool, Bristol, and Southampton. The run up the East Coast was somewhat delayed by strong gales, fog, and a damaged compass, but 9.30 p.m. on Sunday, May 13, saw the yacht off St. Abbs' Head, with England left behind. To quote Mr. "Lancelot Salkeld":—

We were bowling along before a gradually freshening breeze from the South-East, and towards the North the sky was overcast and threatening. At 11 p.m. it was blowing hard, and the sea rapidly rising as we staggered up against each successive one in the pitch dark night. Our course was altered to pick up May Isle Light in the Firth of Forth, instead of the Bell Rock Light further to seaward, and to the Northward, as was our intention had the weather not again so scurvily treated us. At 1.15 a.m. we picked up May Isle Light, and stood up for it, but finding the seas coming in heavier and heavier, we decided to run for shelter into Largoo Bay in the Forth. Here we dropped our anchor in nine fathoms amongst a crowd of detained steamers and sailing vessels sheltering from the storm. In the afternoon, after all hands had benefited by a good five or six hours' sleep, we ran down the Firth to Anstruther, a small fishing port on the North side, and moored alongside the fish quay in the inner harbour until the weather moderated.

After running past Tod Head, south of Aberdeen, the Moray Firth was entered, and the course set for Inverness :—

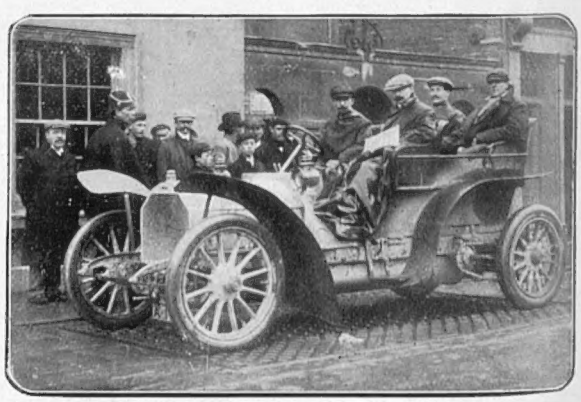
The night was fine, and remarkable for a peculiar clearness of the sky and atmosphere towards the North, from whence a light but refreshing breeze sprang up. A swell of some weight soon after set in from the same direction, and this, combined with the general appearance of the weather and the fact that the barometer, which had been steady all day, now began to "tumble down," made us doubtful of reaching our destination without further troubles. At 1 a.m., or soon after, the wind suddenly came away from the North, and in a few minutes piped its song in our scanty rigging. The first blast was succeeded by others, and still others, increasing in intensity, and accompanied by reminders of the frozen North in the guise of sleet, hail, snow, and ice-cold rain. The sea rapidly rose with the wind, and the heavy swell soon gave it weight upon our beam. We had no shelter to run for except back to Fraserburg or Peterhead, and this we were loth to do. We had done with the Eastern points of the compass for awhile, and as it was too murky a night to risk recognising and running for one of the small fishing ports on the coast leeward of us, we had no alternative but to hold on.

Dawn, which broke upon us soon after 3 a.m., found the little *Napier Major* in a vast wilderness of foam-topped waves. Occasionally, a view would be got for a second or two of the highlands of Cromarty. Our little craft was tossed about like a cork. How she rolled! The swinging table below in the cabin stood at times perpendicular to the floor below it, and the recovery from every roll was so rapid that it was practically impossible to do anything but jam oneself against something



Froome Hill, Hereford

The three winning cars. Nos. 16 and 19 are 10 h.-p. Alldays, No. 46 is Lord Shrewsbury's 12 h.-p. Clement-Talbot



Weighing in

Mr. Geo. R. Martin's new 30 h.-p. Westinghouse car at Hereford